The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1934 NUMBER 1043

Contents

The Week 57

Editorials

Left, Right, Left 60
Are the Unemployed People? 61
Huey Long's Forty-four Laws 63

General Articles

Security for Americans: II ..... I. M. Rubinow 64
I Go to the Workhouse ..... Bill Reich 66
Elmer Holds an Inquest ..... Felix Ray 68
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 69
Other People's Money ..... John T. Flynn 70
On the Labor Front ..... William P. Mangold 72

Correspondence 73

Eight Proletarian Poets ..... Kenneth Fearing, William Pillin, Muriel Rukeyser, Alfred Hayes, Charles Henry Newman, David Wolff, Edwin Rolfe and James Neugass 75

Two Roles ..... Stark Young 78

Books in Review

The Man Who Chose the Golden Mean ..... Edmund Wilson 79
Schlaraffenland ..... Malcolm Cowley 80
Ghetto Summer ..... Jerre Mangione 80
Wages Under Capitalism ..... Royal E. Montgomery 81
Which Strong Man? ..... Ludwig Lore 81
Processional ..... Norbert Guterman 82
The Gilded Treasury ..... Ruth Lechlitner 82
Novels in Brief 82

The Week

A NEW survey of the potential capacity of the United States to produce sets the possible total cosiderably higher than that estimated in the recent study by the Brookings Institution—which was itself higher than any level we have ever realized, and much higher, of course, than the depression performance. This new estimate, carried out in great detail and under the supervision of competent engineers and economists, was financed by the C.W.A. and the F.E.R.A. It states that in 1929 we could have produced sufficient food and clothing for a decent standard of living for all if the distribution of the products had been changed, and that even enough good housing could have been constructed with the materials available. Since then, of course, capacity has been increased. If every family had $4,700 of purchasing power at present prices, industry could produce the goods these families would buy and all would have the essentials of a good life. We have, since 1929, deprived ourselves of $287,000,000,000 worth of possible goods and services. We possess the necessary labor, equipment, natural resources and technical knowledge; what we lack is the ability to organize the economics of the system so that everyone shall be able to buy what can be offered for sale. The conclusions are more optimistic than those of Brookings because the experts took more account of engineering factors and sought a better integrated result. All such studies are, of course, in the realm of speculation, but all point in the same direction. We shall never be able to tell which is right until we try producing for use instead of for profit.

NO REAL progress has yet been made in the naval discussions which have been in progress in London for several weeks. The latest report is that Japan has offered to accept inferiority to the British if they may have equality with the Americans, the ratios being changed from the present 5-5-3 to 5-4-4. If this report is verified, its only significance would seem to be that the Japanese have put forward a suggestion that on its face seems a compromise, but one they know the Americans are perfectly sure to reject. The only really hopeful line for the conference is one that would give the three powers "defensive equality." No possible danger to the United States would be involved in doing this, and it is the only solution that has any chance of preventing repudiation of the Washington treaties and a return to an unrestricted naval-building race. President Roosevelt, it is reported, thinks that we can outbluff Japan; that with our superior resources, we can build ships so much faster than the Japanese can afford to, that they will speedily be glad to cry quits. But such a scheme is surely a desperately dangerous expedient in a world where any spark may set off a conflagration.

FIRST fruit of the investigation of the arms traffic by Senator Nye's special committee is a proposal by President Lammot du Pont of du Pont de Nemours and Company that excessive profit be taken out of arms manufacture in time of war and that exports of arms at all times be placed, by interna-

LICENSED TO GREGORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional agreement, under the supervision of governments. This is of course a gesture to avoid complete government ownership of munitions plants. But Mr. du Pont's accompanying remarks, pointing out the difficulties, deserve careful study. It would be necessary to control the profits, not only of the arms industry, but of all enterprise, if the attempt were to be successful, since it is impossible to draw the boundaries of war materials and war profits. And this would be a difficult and intricate matter. As for control of exports, it would be of little avail if undertaken by one nation alone. Even international restriction might involve penalizing the weaker industrial nations or stimulating the construction of arms plants within their boundaries, thus leading to more competitive armament than before. Practically, though Mr. du Pont does not say so in so many words, the control would probably come down to cutting off arms from nations or revolutionary factions to which the concert of nations was opposed. Reflection on these perfectly sound observations may lead one to the conclusion that it might be better, and just as feasible, to abolish all private manufacture of everything, thus doing away with the chief cause of war as well as the munitions racket.

THE series of events since the group of Fascist students were invited to speak at the College of the City of New York on October 9 rolls on with increasing interest and excitement. The initial use of the College for Fascist propaganda produced a spontaneous student riot, and the inept handling of the situation created by the riot has produced a long train of student protests, including systematic picketing of President Robinson's house. The matter has now reached the point where the faculty itself is involved. Dean Gottschall spent a month investigating the riot and turned in a report as thoughtful, temperate, as thoroughly in the best tradition of liberalism and scholarship, as any academic document we have seen in a long time. The faculty, or rather a thin majority of it, threw the report in his face, disregarded his recommendation that five students be suspended and that no one be expelled, and under President Robinson's dictation expelled twenty-one students, suspended four more and placed twelve others on probation. But at least forty out of a faculty of less than a hundred stood out against President Robinson's course, feel bitter and humiliated by the whole incident and make little secret of their conviction that President Robinson must resign.

THE problem of administering City College is admittedly no easy one. The bulk of its students do not come from homes where a plenitude of economic security permits the development of long tempers, low voices and easily carried convictions. As Dean Gottschall pointed out in his report, to the bulk of City College students fascism is not an abstract concept for academic debate but an ever present dread. Perhaps the College could be run successfully on a basis of Dean Gottschall's kindly, if a bit paternal, liberalism. Undoubtedly it could be run by an all-Red administration. But to run it according to the hard-boiled conservatism of President Robinson requires a more Machiavellian skill than President Robinson commands. He can win the unqualified approval of Ralph M. Easley, he can write articles in True Story Magazine and an editorial in The New York American demanding, in capital letters, CRIMINAL PUNISHMENT for seditious students, but he is unable to keep the lid clamped on his own kettle, which is, after all, a dictator's first job. He lacks a certain requisite finesse and, in one instance at least, failed to figure far enough ahead on the behavior of his own friends. Thus at the time of the riot he announced that there was no propaganda in having the Fascist students at the Great Hall; it was merely international courtesy among scholars. Unfortunately he failed to anticipate the October 24 issue of La Stampa of Turin, which published the following greeting to Dr. Robinson's returning guests: "Today we salute you, dear comrades in study and in faith, who by the Duce's will have marked a brilliant new stage in the triumphal march of Fascism over the world!"

THE Federal Communications Commission has recently been holding public hearings in regard to the future of radio broadcasting, which developed chiefly into a debate between the "educational broadcasters" and the commercial radio systems. The educators demanded either more time on the air, or more and better wave lengths for their exclusive use, or both. The commercial broadcasters replied that the educators don't know how to broadcast and that no one listens to their programs. The commercial interests say they themselves are now doing a good job in the educational field, and in support of this view, several well known citizens, including H. L. Mencken and John Erskine, testified. It would be interesting to know whether these and other celebrities appeared on their own initiative, and paid their own expenses, or were persuaded by the broadcasters to come forward, and were given financial aid in doing so.

THIS discussion, of course, did not get to the heart of the matter. It is quite true that most of the so-called educational broadcasting done under college auspices is dull, and it is an open question whether it justifies itself from any social point of view. But certainly, the broadcasting of commercial stations is equally open to criticism. The men in charge of these stations are not competent to judge the social value of broadcasting; they are selected haphazard, mostly from the ranks of public-utility employees. Even if they knew, they have not the money or the trained personnel to do a really good job at anything except

LICENSED TO JAZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their present chief interest, which is helping to sell laxatives, chewing-gum and toothpaste. If they had the knowledge, money and personnel, their non-commercial programs would still be ruthlessly thrust aside whenever a new advertiser came along with a demand for time; as things are now, nearly every hour of the day when people are able to listen has already been sold, on all important stations. The radio will never reach its highest social usefulness under either of the sets of conditions proposed before the Federal Communications Commission. It will only be reached when, as is the case in several European countries today, every American listener can get at least one non-commercial station, offering programs arranged by a man of a caliber equal to that of a president of a university, and one who has ample funds for carrying out a task involving highly specialized techniques and abilities.

THE dispute between the Catholic Church and the Mexican government, which has been smoldering beneath the surface ever since Ambassador Morrow damped it down some years ago, has again broken out. The Mexican government accuses church officials of inciting disaffection among the masses, and even of revolutionary activities. Numerous priests have been ordered to leave the country, and more are likely to follow, especially since several of the Mexican states have passed laws restricting the number of priests to a tiny percentage of those permitted in the past. Since foreigners are no longer permitted to act as priests in Mexico, and since training schools for the native clergy are so restricted as to be practically destroyed, the Church fears that extinction of the clergy is coming. The issue is complicated by the fact that "socialistic teaching" will soon be compulsory in all Mexican schools. The Catholics charge that this means state support for atheism, and bring forward a long list of federal employees, who, they say, have been dismissed from their posts for failing to endorse the government's program. The Church charges that Mexico is now ruled by a small fascist clique which, under the pretense of socialist tendencies, is actually enriching its members at the expense of the populace. Apparently the best for which the Catholics can hope is another "Morrow compromise," less favorable than the last one and equally certain to break down in a few more years.

HOW strong is National Socialism in the German-speaking states? What has been the effect of the individual misfortune of thousands and the economic suffering of millions under Nazi rule on the German peoples of Europe? How much have the events of the last four months impaired their confidence in Hitler? The August Plebiscite and the German Reichstag elections were no criterion. Voters were terrorized and votes were not counted. For all these reasons the municipal elections held in two districts in Danzig last Sunday were of more than ordinary interest. Danzig is no longer a part of the Reich, but its population is 95-percent German. Under the Treaty of Versailles it became officially a Free City under the supervision of the League of Nations, actually a part of Poland's sphere of influence. For the last two years the National Socialist Party has had complete control of the administration. It has had possession of all municipal posts, ruled the city—in open defiance of the League Commissioner—along the lines laid down by the German Nazi dictatorship, dissolved the Labor parties, suppressed their newspapers, terrorized all non-fascist elements—in short functioned as a pocket edition of its brother party in the Reich. What, under these circumstances, was the reaction of the electorate? It gave the National Socialist Party an overwhelming victory, increased its vote by 14 percent over that of 1932 and diminished that of all other parties, including Socialists and Communists, by almost 22 percent. The Danzig election is not a hopeful sign. But it has this in its favor, that it will open the eyes of those who see the overthrow of Hitler "just around the corner."

DURING the second week of September, the three surviving officers of the "Morro Castle" took oath that their vessel was burned by Reds; the Chief of Police of Havana declared he had discovered a whole plot, complete in detail and execution, of Cuban Communists to burn the ship as one minor step in a campaign of revolutionary terrorism. Many newspapers played up these stories. To be sure, there were no names and addresses of these convenient Cuban Communists, but lack of credibility in the story was made up for by the size of type used in the headlines. During the second week in November, Dickerson N. Hoover turned in his report on the disaster to the Department of Commerce. There was nothing in it about Reds, Cuban or otherwise. The credibility of Mr. Hoover's report seems demonstrated by the absence of any headlines at all about how the Reds hadn't set the fire.

THE visits to Rome of Julius Gömbös, Hungarian Premier, and his Austrian colleague, Kurt Schuschnigg, seem to have been made to demonstrate to the world that the Italian-Hungarian-Austrian Triple Alliance is still alive. The Franco-Italian rapprochement that followed the assassination of Dollfuss had seemed during the last few months to have eclipsed the Italo-Danubian trinity. To wipe out this impression, the Italian dictator sent his invitation to the Austrian and Hungarian statesmen. A communiqué issued in Rome while Gömbös was there emphasized that recognition of Italy's Danubian friendships had been the basis of the understanding with France. Similar assurances went forth a few days ago at the close of the Mussolini-Schuschnigg conversations pointing out that the Italian-Austrian-Hungarian accord is not exclusive

LICENSED TO USE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and could be extended to other states accepting the original premises." The phrase "other states," to be sure, refers to Germany rather than to France. As Schuschnigg is the faithful servant of Il Duce, so Gömbös is the liaison officer for Hitler, for whom he went from Vienna to Warsaw and thence to Rome, to urge the inclusion of Germany as a part of the Italian-controlled Danubian Federation. His success is obvious. Mussolini's esteem for Hitler has not increased, but an alliance with Germany is a valuable card up Il Duce's sleeve in his game with Laval.

THINGS are by no means so rosy as they should be between France and the Italian leader. That the Jugoslavian incident has torn a deep new rift in the painfully patched-up Franco-Italian friendship will become manifest in the present Special Session of the League of Nations Council. Jugoslavia insists on bringing the question of Hungary's alleged support of the Croation assassins to the official notice of the League and she is supported by France in her determination. Italy and Austria, too, are named and implicated in Belgrade's charges, adding new fuel to the smoldering flame of Italo-Jugoslavian hatreds. Austria will find it hard to deny her share of responsibility for the assassins. Dr. Pavelic, whose extradition from Italy as the man higher-up in the assassination plot Jugoslavia has demanded in vain, is a Croatian and an Austrian Legitimist. As a member of the Jugoslav Skupschtina he was the leader of those who demanded the separation of Croatia from Jugoslavia and its addition to Austria under Hapsburg rule. Dollfuss' predecessor, Seipel, had taken this movement under his wing in the cause of Hapsburg restoration.

THE fact that the plotters had the support of Hungary and other forces that are opposed to the return of the Hapsburgs does not absolve Austria from her part of the blame. It simply means that Hungary and Italy, much as they are opposed to restoration, are even more eager to find allies in their fight for the destruction of Jugoslavia. Without the Marseilles affair Jugoslavia might now be the ally of Germany and the enemy of France. The fact that Regent Paul the other day summoned the Jugoslavian Ambassador in Berlin to Belgrade and offered him the post of Premier of the new government is significant. The Ambassador declined the honor with the argument that "my well known sympathy for Herr Hitler would make me *persona non grata* in Paris. We need the support of France too much at the moment to endanger the future of the country in this way." This fight of the revisionist Powers—Italy, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey—against France, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania is about to emerge from behind the scenes of the theatre of the nations to furnish the plot for the next act in the European drama.

AMONG the various expressions of opinion we have read lately, few seemed to summarize better the feelings of a large group of discontented American farmers than the following comment published in one of our rural contemporaries:

> It's lucky for the Dionne quintuplets that they were born in Canada. If they had been born in the United States, three of them would probably have been plowed under.

Left, Right, Left

READERS of the regular departments in this issue of The New Republic may be puzzled to reconcile T.R.B.'s "Washington Notes" with John T. Flynn's "Other People's Money." One says that in spite of all appearances, the President is not turning to the right but is sticking with the liberals; the other, in an open letter to business men, advises them to make the Democratic Party their instrument, on the ground that the President is already protecting their interests better than the Republicans ever did. Readers of the daily papers may suffer the same confusion as to whether the President is turning to the right or to the left. He has skillfully wriggled back and forth many times in the past, making nodes and loops about a fairly straight trend. Now he seems to be going in both directions at once. He is resolved to give business a chance to see what it can do; he will resist new currency tinkering, the bonus legislation and long steps in social insurance. At the same time he encourages public ownership of power plants and cracks down on the high rates of utilities.

We submit that the inconsistency is more apparent than real. It derives from a very hazy definition of "right" and "left." Put the issue rather in the terms in which the President probably sees his own role. He is not and never has been out for the abolition of capitalism. He does not visualize a gradual transition to a socialist state, or think of his measures as steps in that direction. There is every reason to believe that he has never even put this alternative squarely before himself. On the contrary, he wants to save capitalism, and has taken many occasions to express his belief in honest business and his sanction of the profit motive. He is, however, prepared to be experimental, unorthodox and vigorous in trying to save the existing order. He is prepared to do things in the interest of business which the more conventional business forces dislike. These things are denounced by them as movements to the left or even as socialism, though as a matter of fact they include only the most moderate of reforms or even kinds of experiment that believers in a new order would not themselves sanction.

No Socialist or Communist has ever advocated devaluation of the currency or inflation as a major policy. Mr. Roosevelt's previous unorthodoxy on these matters is not "left" by the revolutionary test.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The chief advocates of monetary tinkering are a group of business men who themselves are insistent that there should be no other interference with business; Dr. Wirt's famous charge that the administration harbored revolutionists came from this very group. Public ownership of electric utilities is in a sense a step away from that vague abstraction, "the profit system," but it exists in many capitalist countries where the heart of the system has not been touched. Cheap power is not a disadvantage to business, and the manufacture of electrical devices would certainly be aided if householders could use more current. Mr. Roosevelt's policy of spending for relief and for construction, moderate as this spending has been, is a double-barreled protection of the existing system: it helps allay the dissatisfaction of the unemployed and it is supposed to stimulate recovery, without which capitalism is certainly lost. Mr. Roosevelt favored the wage increases of the N.R.A. under the impression, not that they would injure business but rather that they would help it. He has said many harsh words about bankers and Wall Street, but his desire to reform their practices follows a well grounded belief that capitalism cannot long survive a repetition of the abuses of the past. Everything the President has done that has displeased the ruling economic powers has been called a gesture to the left, but by the same token it has been done in the long-time interest of their class.

The present tactics of the President appear a little clearer on this basis. The measures so far undertaken have failed to bring sustained recovery. He has been frankly disappointed in the monetary experiment. The one thing lacking is new investment by private capital to stimulate construction and the heavy industries. The President and some of the more far-sighted business leaders have therefore come together on the basis of a liberal capitalist policy. Business, on its side, will accept certain moderate and necessary reforms. It will strive to allay the exaggerated fears aroused by its extremist factions, so that capital may have more confidence. The President, for his part, will avoid new measures that are likely to frighten business. He will go as slowly as he can on the reform program, at least for a time. Both together will fight against the more extreme inflationary and spending tendencies in Congress. The theme of this concert is that a liberal capitalist program is necessary to avert something worse. If improvement takes place, both will be satisfied. If it does not, business and finance can no longer contend that they have not had their chance. Then we shall see what we shall see. Doubtless the President will inaugurate something else, like a housing program, which is quite possible without upsetting capitalism, and for which he would hope to have some business support.

At the end of the New Deal we shall have nothing more to the left than many other nations—such as Great Britain—have long since digested. We shall have an attempt to police the financial markets against dishonesty, a halfway program of social insurance, a certain amount of government subsidy in housing, a trade-union movement somewhat less widespread and powerful than the British at present or the German before Hitler. We shall have more public ownership of utilities than before, but less than in most other industrial nations. This is the extreme left to which the President's "leftward" tendencies may take us.

Are the Unemployed People?

THE STRUGGLE in New York City between some of the unemployed and the local relief administration is significant in several ways. New York is the nation's metropolis, where it is reasonable to expect that relief practices will be at their best; adverse criticism which can be made of conditions in that city is likely to be even more true of other parts of the country. It is doubly regrettable, therefore, that such grave misunderstandings should have developed as now exist between the victims of the economic whirlwind and the officials charged with the duty of caring for them.

There are in New York organizations of the unemployed which act as spokesmen for many thousands of persons on relief. Their representatives charge the city administration with seeking to prevent the jobless from coming together in any sort of association and with dismissing competent relief workers solely because of their union activities. It is further stated (and the truth of this allegation is not in question) that relief workers with a grievance are not allowed to be represented at hearings by spokesmen for the organization, or indeed, by anyone, the press being specifically excluded from these hearings. It is further alleged that committees of relief workers seeking conference with their superior officers have been beaten by police, and that one worker was dismissed from her post simply for protesting these beatings. Seven members of the relief workers' organization were arrested when they distributed handbills in front of the offices of the New York Public Welfare Department. The criticism is further made that relief is inadequate, that general discrimination is exhibited against radicals and that the whole situation is rapidly growing worse.

To these criticisms the relief administration replies in general terms, we gather, that organizations of those on relief are under Communist auspices, and are not sincere in their professed purpose of seeking only betterment of conditions. On the contrary, it is asserted that these organizations are trying to break down the administration of relief as part of a general scheme to break down the present organization of society. It is said that the committees which are sent to local relief headquarters are so large, and so vociferous, that they overawe local officials and make it impos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible to get the day's work done. It is further said that if responsible executives were to listen to all the committees sent to interview them, their entire time would be taken up with this activity alone. In defense of the "star-chamber proceedings" in cases of alleged injustice, it is said that if these inquiries were open to the press and to amateur "counsel," the atmosphere would be such that the truth or falsity of charges could hardly be discerned. In general, it is denied that anyone has been dismissed purely for joining a union of the unemployed. It is asserted that in such cases, the individuals were incompetent workers, "troublesome," and so on. In specific instances, there is a complete issue of veracity between the two sides.

In this dispute, it is our judgment that most of the right lies with the unemployed. Many of the executives in charge of administering relief are highly trained social workers, of long experience and undoubted good will; but they are now confronted with problems for which they have never been prepared, problems which go deep into social philosophy. There is still a general tendency to assume that the plight of the unemployed is their own fault, carries a degree of moral obloquy and justifies the sort of arbitrary, even if kindly, treatment given the inmates of a prison. It is assumed, for example, that the funds available for the unemployed are fixed and limited and that lack of money is an adequate answer to the plea that the job is not being done properly. This, of course, is nonsense. The size of the appropriations increases exactly in proportion to the public clamor that they ought to be increased. There is no danger that they will grow too large; it is perfectly certain that were it not for the protests of the unemployed they would be too small.

We do not know, or care, what proportion of the leaders of the unemployed organizations are Communists. We do know that in many parts of the country, the Communists are the only group that has shown any real and continuing interest in the problems of what is now the submerged one-seventh of our population. The notion, however, that the Communists are trying to break down the administration of relief is patently absurd. They are well aware that any such development at this time would be fatal to their plans. Moreover, the unemployed could instantly tell whether anything of this sort were going on, and would at once throw out any leader, Communist or otherwise, who acted from such motives. In city after city, including New York, Communist-led demonstrations have helped to drive into the public consciousness the critical situation of the jobless, and have made possible larger appropriations—municipal, state and national—than would otherwise probably have been obtained. They are the best allies relief administrators have, if the latter could only see it.

No doubt it is true that committees of the unemployed take a great deal of the time of busy executives, and are hard to deal with. One reason is that these unemployed have too much time on their hands, too little to occupy their minds. In their committee service they get a fleeting sense of reality and importance which they once got in the normal activities of their jobs. It is certainly better that busy executives should be overworked listening to them than that their morale should disintegrate under the pressure of idleness which, according to British and other European experts, makes a person who has been unemployed four years or longer unemployable thereafter. In any case, other solutions of this problem are possible. In New York, and every city, there are plenty of well meaning citizens with ample leisure, who might be drafted to serve on the panel of an "arbitration court," a few of whose members would assemble in rotation to hear the grievances of the unemployed and make recommendations regarding them. Honest and competent administrators should have nothing to fear from such public discussion of their acts.

Public officials who complain that the minds of the unemployed are being poisoned by radicals are themselves guilty of gross negligence in their failure to offer any alternative intellectual pabulum, or even to tell the unemployed what is being done for them, and how and why. Much of the psychological harm those on relief are suffering comes because the authorities are so ominously silent and inscrutable, act so often suddenly and without warning. The workless man or woman feels as though he were suspended over an abyss by a thin cord which may be cut at any moment. This situation is, again, the result of a tradition of bureaucratic red tape and comes because relief is handled by men who know little of the psychology or technique of public coöperation. It would be simple, for example, to let the unemployed in each neighborhood elect a representative, to gather these representatives once a month in some large public hall and there let responsible officials tell them of present actualities and future plans. It might even be possible to use the radio, setting up loud speakers in the precinct relief headquarters, so that a majority of the whole body of the unemployed might hear these reports.

It now seems likely that we shall have a tremendous burden of unemployment for many years to come. The problem of first importance is that relief shall be adequate and intelligent and for this purpose, organization of recipients and representation through spokesmen is imperative. The second problem is that the mass of these unhappy victims shall not degenerate into pauperism as many of them are degenerating today. This is a matter that needs a definite, intelligent approach, probably to be worked out through consultation with the best experts in the country on this subject. It is one far beyond the competence or training of the professional social worker. Perhaps the beginning and the end of this task is the continued realization, however hard it may be to remember, that the unemployed are still human beings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Huey Long's Forty-four Laws

IN THE light of Senator Huey P. Long's recent victories in Louisiana, it now appears most accurate to describe him as being the Kingfish of all he surveys. The forty-four bills passed by the Louisiana legislature (and there were forty-four) give him almost as much power as an oldtime Oriental potentate. The only thing lacking is the privilege of summary execution but, to make up for this, he can cut off any political head he pleases.

The Senator's most widely publicized measure, the declaration of a two-year moratorium on all debts above $10, is not so significant as it first appears. To take advantage of the moratorium, a debtor must appear before the State Bank Examiner and show cause why the debt should not be paid. This, in effect, will amount to a declaration of bankruptcy, and it has been possible to go bankrupt in Louisiana long before this. The measure, moreover, was amended so that it will not apply to any obligation of the state or its subdivisions and it does not apply to debts contracted from now on. The fear that it will cause an immediate cessation of credit, and destroy the financial liability of the state, therefore seems to be unfounded. The P.W.A., it is true, has held up $2,500,000 in loans to the city of New Orleans until it studies the effect of the legislation, but we venture to predict that the loan will go through. The national administration, now and then, feels called upon to discipline the rambunctious gentleman from Louisiana and this is probably another gentle chastising.

Far more important than the moratorium, as far as the future of Louisiana and the future of Mr. Long are concerned, are some of the less advertised bills. One of these gives a Long-appointed board complete power to name the police chiefs of every town and city in Louisiana. All police heads, in other words, will now be the political pals of Mr. Long. The Senator was also given complete control over the New Orleans Court House Commission. He will now be able to appoint all the jobholders, including janitors and elevator men, in every courth use in the city. All in all, some 2,500 New Orleans political plums were dropped into the Senator's lap—for him to dole out as he pleases.

The "people," however, whose champion Mr. Long has always declared himself, were not forgotten. Automobile-license fees and taxes were reduced. The one-dollar poll tax, which every Louisianian must pay before he can vote, was abolished. And, by putting the complete supervision of all public utilities into the hands of his Public Service Commission, the Senator was able to hold out to the citizenry the alluring promise of lower gas and electric rates. It remains to be seen whether the Senator will make good on his promise. He has promised before.

It is impossible to comment upon each of the Senator's forty-four measures, but a large proportion of them are aimed at punishing the New Orleans opposition, headed by Mayor T. Semmes Walmsley. The New Orleans ring has been carrying on a running fight with the Long organization since last January. Until now the battle has been about even, but it is doubtful whether the New Orleans clique will be able to withstand this latest assault. We do not feel any regret over this disaster. The ring is as corrupt as Tammany Hall and Mayor Walmsley is an oldtime politician who would like to hand out what he is being forced to take. It is merely a matter of one gang getting the better of another and the fate of gangsters has never been one of our primary concerns.

By far the most sinister measure passed by the legislature was that which hands over the registration offices to the Long forces. These offices perform an important functio. in Louisiana politics. After the period of Reconstruction, the Louisiana legislature was that handing over the registra- of voters the right to compel any applicant to interpret any section of the state Constitution selected by the Registrar. And the sole judge of the interpretation is the Registrar himself. The political power thus given to Senator Long is enormous. He can challenge the right of any voter to cast a ballot and, by a piece of ancient legislation, easily disqualify him. A Rhodes Scholar, for example, was recently denied the right to vote because his interpretation of a constitutional clause did not satisfy one of Mr. Long's henchmen.

We comment upon these latest activities of the dictator of Louisiana because his shadow looms larger and larger upon the national scene. Mr. Long has never been reticent about his ambition to be President. It seems absurd to think that this ambition will materialize, but at one time it seemed equally absurd to think that he would become Governor of Louisiana. By going through all the motions of being a radical, by making vague share-the-wealth proposals, he has won a large following throughout the country. It becomes increasingly necessary, therefore, to observe his tactics carefully. The waters of Louisiana politics are muddy, but the meaning of the Kingfish comes fairly clear.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1934, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN DEWEY JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Security for Americans

II: *The Ohio Plan of Unemployment Insurance*

THERE really is no original "Ohio plan"—painful as may be this admission coming from one who is largely responsible for it. The Ohio plan is merely an application of certain principles of insurance theory. Anyone who has some understanding of this theory and some elementary knowledge of the social-insurance movement throughout the world will find these principles extremely simple.

Ohio was not the leader of the state movement for unemployment insurance. It was preceded not only by Wisconsin, which remains the only state with a law on its statute books, but also by New York, Massachusetts and a few others. Yet, when a small group of enthusiasts introduced a fairly comprehensive and carefully drawn measure in the Ohio legislature in 1931, the bill had only limited support from even the working masses. A number of hearings, however, produced enough interest to cause the creation of a commission, even though the bill did not reach the stage of a vote in either house. The commission was formed in the fall of 1931 and presented its report by the end of 1932. The bill drafted by that body, with a few modifications, was introduced in both houses early in 1933. It passed the Assembly by a substantial majority but was killed in the Senate, where a small group prevented it from even being brought out of the committee. Agitation for this bill has continued and it or some similar measure is likely to be reintroduced when the next legislature meets in January, 1935.

This proposed bill will be a deliberate insurance measure. It assumes that unemployment insurance is feasible and actuarially practicable. Like every other form of insurance it aims primarily to provide compensation for losses sustained; even though, in its present form, it does not furnish adequate compensation for such losses. There is, of course, no absolute criterion of adequacy, unless it be a demand for 100-percent compensation. It is easier to show which of many measures are *more* or *less* adequate than to argue about the absolute adequacy or inadequacy of a bill. In fact, it will very much help our understanding of the problem if we realize the truth of two trite observations: (1) It is much easier to defend the general principles of a measure than all the specific provisions of that measure and (2) it is much easier to attack the specific provisions of a bill than its general principles. Thus the defense always concentrates on the general principles and the attack always on specific provisions.

What are these general principles? As has been pointed out, the Ohio plan proposes an insurance mechanism. This means collection of premiums, payment of benefits and some assurance that there will be a balance between income and disbursements. The Ohio plan also proposes *compulsory*, or *obligatory*, insurance. At this late date it should be unnecessary to make an extensive argument in favor of this principle. While voluntary and heavily subsidized schemes have had a fair degree of success in some European countries, it has taken a lifetime to develop them. And at this late stage American labor should not be asked to wait for another twenty-five or thirty years until the good will and good sense of industrial capital develops at least a partially successful system.

The Ohio plan is a social-insurance measure. That means, first, that there is no room for private-insurance capital, no room for profit. Additionally, it means that the cost of the insurance scheme, the premium, cannot be altogether saddled upon the insured themselves. The Ohio plan, therefore, proposes that the cost of insurance, the premium, be shared both by capital and labor. The particular division proposed in the bill is that the employer pay two percent (at least in the beginning) and the employee one percent out of a total of three percent. This division is, after all, only a detail and not the essence of the Ohio plan. In fact, the writer (who besides being a member of the commission had also done the actuarial work for it) urged that the total premium be raised to four percent, divided equally between employer and employee. This extra one percent, obviously, would have made possible a very much more generous scale of unemployment benefits.

The Ohio bill has been severely criticized for failure to include a contribution to the insurance fund out of the state treasury, since state participation is one of the basic principles of social insurance advocated by the writer for over thirty years. It must be remembered, however, that the bill was drafted in the fall of 1932 when state finances were in a very ugly condition, as they still are, and taxpayers in a very ugly mood. There were some members of the commission who were opposed to a state contribution on the theory that unemployment is largely, perhaps entirely, a problem of industry. There were others who felt that there would be no hope of passing the bill at that particular time if it carried with it the necessity of a heavy appropriation from the state treasury, which is having difficulty in meeting even its present obligations. But before judgment is passed on this feature of the plan, it may be well to remember that a "state contribution" in the United States has a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different meaning from what it has in any European country except Switzerland. Surely no action could be taken in Columbus to bind the National Treasury to a contribution. If any action should be taken by the federal government in the direction of providing federal funds for unemployment insurance, there would be no difficulty in expanding the benefit scale in accordance with the additional resources that may become available.

The statement was made above that the Ohio plan is an insurance measure. What are the implications of that statement? The first is that the risk of unemployment must be spread over a large area; under our political system, over the entire state. It must not be restricted to the narrow limits of the labor force of an individual employer, or even to one industry as is provided in the Wisconsin Act and in a few bills in other states.

The obvious retort that different industries or different plants may have very different degrees of unemployment hazard is altogether irrelevant. This difference of hazard is even more obvious in the field of industrial accidents. Differences in hazard may be and often are taken into consideration in quoting premium rates. At this particular stage there is, unfortunately, very little reliable information about these differences in unemployment hazard. Industrial changes are swift and unexpected. A change in popular style or taste, a new invention, the loss of a foreign market, may destroy industries apparently well entrenched. Moreover, it is often a safe, solid and permanent industry that is responsible for the breakdown of another industry (as, for instance, the automobile versus the buggy, the victrola versus the player piano and the radio versus both). At any rate, the Ohio bill does provide that after accumulation of experience over a specified time, such differences of hazard may be provided for in the premiums.

The advantages of statewide insurance funds over individual-plant insurance lies in a different direction. Insurance must mean assurance, must mean security if it means anything, if the term insurance is to be used at all. Whatever scale of benefits is provided—whether adequate or not, or rather whether more or less adequate—must be secured and guaranteed. It is obviously impossible to provide such a guarantee under the individual-plant scheme. It can be done through a statewide insurance fund.

Hundreds of insurance actuaries may be found, however, who will insist that in the face of such upheavals as the present one, no unemployment-insurance fund can have its solvency guaranteed unless the state assumes the responsibility for residual obligations if they exceed the income and resources of the fund. The experience of England is cited as evidence. The argument may appear to be a strong one and the Ohio plan has been criticized because it provides for *no state guarantee* and, therefore, it is contended, makes promises it may not be able to fulfill.

The problem is somewhat technical and complicated and may present some difficulties to the lay mind. Personally I should like to see such a state guarantee, and it certainly would be even more advantageous to have a federal guarantee of this character. It would only be called into action—assuming a fairly accurate actuarial computation—in the case of a national calamity; and in such a case governmental authority and governmental finance cannot avoid the responsibility anyway. But even under its present limitations the Ohio bill does offer a very substantial measure of protection. It has the power to make either a slight reduction in the scale of benefits or an increase in the premium rates when conditions should require it. It is here that the difference between a public-insurance institution and a private-insurance company manifests itself. A private-insurance company must pay its obligations out of the accumulations of the past. A public or social-insurance institution can also add to these available resources a charge upon the future. It can borrow money; and surely there could be no better security than the power to make an increased levy upon the entire industry of the state.

These are the positive aspects of the Ohio plan. In addition, it differs from the Wisconsin plan, the so-called American plan, and various bills of the same grouping, by a refusal to accept the basic philosophy of the Wisconsin plan: (1) that the entire responsibility for unemployment can be placed upon industry or even on individual employers; (2) that it is within the power of the individual employer to abolish or at least substantially reduce the incidence of unemployment; (3) that the employer can be induced to take the necessary measures by a promise of a slight reduction of the premium; and (4) that this consideration is even more important than guaranteeing the employee the security of the benefits promised. It is because of the acceptance of these points of view that the Wisconsin benefit scale has been made so pitifully small and carries with it no assurance that even these small benefits will be paid.

The Ohio bill provides for sixteen weeks' compensation at approximately half-pay after a period of three weeks. No claim is made that this benefit is generous or that it will meet the entire needs of the unemployed during an industrial crisis. It will not. The scale was adjusted by the writer as an actuary to the maximum-premium limit that the commission was willing to ask. An extra percent (whether paid by employer, employee, state or national treasury is immaterial from an actuarial point of view) would probably make possible the extension of benefits to twenty-six weeks or even more. Under ordinary conditions, barring the later stages of a prolonged, severe industrial crisis, the sixteen-week period, and certainly the twenty-six-week period, would see the vast majority of unemployed back at their work. Their original savings and resources would be unimpaired. The number of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who would still be out of work would be only a small fraction and probably a part of them would be the unemployables.

A severe crisis, particularly in its later stages, will undoubtedly leave a substantial number of persons requiring relief, as they do now. No insurance mechanism could provide for a conflagration that might destroy all of New York City; and no insurance mechanism alone can provide for the needs of 15,000,000 unemployed. As Raymond Rubinow has said, "the price of an effective unemployment-insurance system is an equally effective system of public relief." It is enough to point out that under the limited scale provided by the Ohio bill there would have been available for unemployment relief over one hundred million dollars a year for the years 1930-31-32, when the actual amount of relief from public and private sources together barely reached one-fifth of that amount. To that extent the unemployed workman would be very much better off. For the decade 1923-32 there would have been distributed among the unemployed of Ohio some $500,000,000, of which two-thirds, or some $330,000,000, would have been a shifting from profits to wages, and to that extent would have increased and stabilized the purchasing power of the masses.

The financial effects of an unemployment-insurance scheme and of social insurance in general are many. The contribution from employing capital will help to stimulate a more equitable redistribution of the national income. The state contribution, obtained from the income tax, will serve to increase the purchasing capacity of the masses. In addition, the contribution of labor will help smooth the curve between peaks of excited prosperity and depths of gloomy depression. Surely labor as a whole can lose nothing from this slight alteration of its spending habits.

The Ohio plan for unemployment insurance, at least in its fundamental assumptions, suggests a practical solution of the problem of administering unemployment relief in a dignified way. A combination of the Ohio plan with federal action will be able to offer more. The application of the principles of the Ohio plan to a unified national scheme (if that is in the cards) would, of course, be the most desirable solution. Whether such a unified national scheme may be expected as a result of the work of the President's Committee on Economic Security and of the consideration of the whole subject by the next Congress, it is, of course, impossible to say at this time. But even if the choice of the Congress should be merely for legislation on lines of the Wagner-Lewis Bill (that is, the use of the federal tax power to induce states to pass unemployment-insurance acts), the anouncement of the principles of the Ohio plan may accomplish some very substantial results. I. M. RUBINOW.

This is the second article in the series on security for Americans. The next, by Elizabeth Brandeis, will discuss the Wisconsin plan.—THE EDITORS.

I Go to the Workhouse

EVICTION

POLICE are everywhere. They line the sidewalk and seem to fill the house. They clear a path as the bailiff's flunkeys carry out chairs, a cradle, a bowl of goldfish, and beds. Hundreds of unemployed fill the streets. They hoot and jeer as each additional piece is brought from the house. They chant dirgelike songs: "Remember that just round the corner a breadline is waiting for you." Cops and bailiffs look sheepish, at times defiant. Children gaze in wonder. The evicted mother carefully protects from damage a framed marriage certificate. Roars of delight arise from the throng as the flunkeys burn themselves in carrying out a red-hot stove. Women in the house had been firing it diligently for the occasion. After hours of dilatory labor, the sanctity of private property is duly established and another family is on the streets. The wages paid the officials of law enforcement (sixteen police, three bailiffs and two flunkeys) would pay the rent of the unfortunate family for six months.

STREET SCENE

By mass demonstrations the Unemployed League of Columbus, Ohio, succeeded in preventing evictions all winter. With the coming of spring, however, city officials felt that the destitute could just as well live in the open. Under pressure of the exponents of "law and order," Mayor Henry Worley sent dozens of police with the bailiffs to enforce court orders of eviction. This in spite of preëlection promises: "I will not be a party to throwing people into the streets."

Often evicted families have no place to go. In such cases "street homes" are set up. A portion of the street is roped off. American flags are draped over the ropes. Tables, beds and stoves are arranged and the family lives on the pavement until a house is obtained.

Such was the plight of the Smith and McGuffin families on Good Friday. Fathers, mothers and children were forced to sleep in the chill night air with only the sky for a roof. Being on well traveled thoroughfares, the street homes attracted considerable attention. Pictures appeared in the papers. Cars stopped. Spectators thronged. "Why can't the relief authorities provide homes for these people before they are evicted?" they ask.

This is mighty embarrassing to city officials, especially to an administration that professed to be liberal. The Safety Director, C. C. Williams, declared the street homes to be traffic hazards and ordered them removed.

On the eve of Easter a dozen police, a lady social worker and two rubbish trucks pull alongside the McGuffin "home" to perform their duty. The relief officials have conceived a brilliant solution to the problem of street homes: women and

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

children are to be taken to the Salvation Army, fathers to the transient bureau, and furniture to storage! The lady social worker, bedecked in Easter finery, tries to persuade Mrs. McGuffin to comply with this magnanimous offer. Mrs. McGuffin refuses to consider the plan; at least not until Mr. McGuffin can be consulted. He has gone in search of a house.

The police insist upon moving the furniture at once. They receive orders over the radio to proceed with the loading at any cost. Individuals in the crowd plead with them to wait until Mr. McGuffin returns. Mrs. McGuffin faints from constant harassment. Women fan her and beg the police to call a doctor. "She is drunk," replies one of the cops. Officers move as though to load the furniture. Women pick up tent poles to defend the meager pile and upbraid the police for their heartlessness. Members of the Unemployed League quiet the women. "No violence," they say.

The police gather to one side in a huddle. Reinforcements have arrived. Thirty or forty uniformed men are on the scene. A crowd of four or five hundred people have been attracted by the commotion. I mount a chair and speak: "Presumably laws are devised to protect the institutions upon which civilization is based. Here, however, is an example of the law being used to destroy the most fundamental of human institutions. . . . All red-blooded Americans should protest the breaking up of homes in this manner. It is an outrage!"

Suddenly the police come out of the huddle. Swinging blackjacks and clubs, they charge ruthlessly into the crowd of helpless men, women and children, slugging all who are in the way. A child is hurled to the pavement. A woman is felled by a blackjack and kicked in the abdomen time and again. Screams pierce the air. A gray-haired lady picks up a kettle of hot soup and dashes it over a cop. Several police start for me. "This is the one we want," they cry as they pull me from the speaker's chair. An elderly woman takes my place. She is pulled over the top of the chair to the pavement. A cop strikes me over the head with a blackjack. Blood spurts. Several cops hold me while a third slugs me in the face. I attempt to spit out fragments of broken teeth. All becomes black. I am dragged, dazed and bleeding, to the radio cruiser and thrown in like a bag of potatoes. Clamps are screwed tightly to my thumbs, piercing the flesh. I am rushed to Mercy Hospital.

"Take care of this dog," cries the cop as he pulls me to the operating table. "And get ready for more pretty soon." My lacerations are sewed up. I hear screams of others being brought in.

A day has passed. My head aches, my eyes and lips are swollen and I can hardly eat and speak because of broken teeth. Nobody is permitted to see me. Friends, worried about my condition, are turned away with the retort, "He is doing well." Finally a minister, the Reverend Arthur Milne, comes in bringing news and personal necessities. His transgression is discovered by Dr. D. Price, who is in charge of the hospital. He is called "a hell of a minister" and chided for "consorting with criminals."

On the fourth day Dr. Price comes in and examines me. He is curious regarding the activities of the unemployed. "Who is paying your doctor's bill?" he asks. "The police put me here, I presume they will pay the bill," I reply. Enraged, he slams the door and shouts in a voice that can be heard all over the building, "Call the police and tell them they can take this man whenever they want him."

In fifteen minutes the Black Maria arrives. Two cops come into the room and order me to get dressed. My shirt and undershirt are stiff with blood. I put on bathrobe, trousers and shoes. My head is heavily bandaged. Garbed thus, I am taken to jail.

City Prison

The new city prison, modern in every respect, is the pride of law-abiding citizens of Columbus. It occupies a prominent place in the beautiful civic center. Iron bars on the windows are arranged in artistic designs. No disgusting street scenes are allowed to mar its classical serenity. The Black Maria enters through a subterranean passageway. I am whisked by elevator to the clerk's office on one of the upper floors. Charges of "disorderly conduct" and "obstructing and resisting an officer" have been filed against me. After being searched, I am led through several iron doors to the "bull pen." This is an enclosure surrounded by cells. There are fifteen or twenty men here, mostly drunks picked up during the night. The place reeks with disinfectant, vomit and bedbugs. I feel weak and nauseated. There is no place to sit except the floor, dirty with tobacco spit.

After several hours the dinner call sounds. The men file out. I remain, being too ill to eat. The prisoners return from lunch. We are placed in cells. A cell consists of a tiny compartment crowded with toilet, lavatory and built-in sheet-iron bed. On the bed is a mattress and blanket. It is fairly clean. I lie down to rest. Supper is called. I do not go. About seven o'clock the iron doors of my cell move. They are opened by remote control. "All out for a bath," yells the turnkey. "I don't feel like taking a bath," I say meekly. "Goddam you, you're in jail now. You got to take a bath," he roars. I rise and stare him in the eye. "Who are you talking to like that?" He pulls back as though to strike, then, thinking better of it, he leaves the cell. In a minute he returns. "Get off that bunk," he orders. He takes the mattress and blanket. "Now goddam you, don't ask for anything tonight because you won't get it . . . and you get nothing to eat until you take a bath."

I lie down on the hard iron cot and try to sleep. By midnight friends succeed in raising enough money to get me released on bail.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtroom

Jurors are not difficult to find during periods of depression. Members of the petty bourgeoisie clamor for the jobs. Strange, the number of landlords and real-estate men on the panel. "Have you ever belonged to a labor union or an organization of the unemployed?" questions Prosecutor Wayne Fogle. He has no objection to the first twelve jurors. The attorney for the defense, Harry Dworkin, uses his four allotted challenges. He is notified by a spectator that one of the lady jurors was overheard violently denouncing the activities of the unemployed. Dworkin calls the judge's attention to the lady's bias. She is called to explain. She denies the allegations. "I will call people who heard the remarks," offers Dworkin. "Don't bother. I'll believe this lady before I will them," says the judge.

The trial starts. A score of policemen testify. They are on the defensive. Mayor Worley has received scores of letters and telegrams protesting the wanton brutality of the police and the gross ineptitude of the relief officials. To vindicate their actions the cops swear to obvious falsehoods: "He tried to take my blackjack . . ." "He kicked me in the groin with both heels. . . ."

Witnesses for the defense refute these ridiculous statements. My attorney makes his plea to the jury: "The defendant has committed no illegal act. He was within his constitutional rights in calling upon the multitude to protest peacefully a gross miscarriage of justice. . . . If anyone has erred, it is society itself for permitting such inhuman conditions to exist." The prosecution pleads: "Every game has its rules. Civilization is a game and the laws which have evolved through the ages its rules . . . Even the animals of the jungle have laws, and offenders meet natural punishment. How much more important that human beings uphold their laws and punish those who break them or agitate against them. . . . Society cannot permit organized groups of unemployed to defy court orders. . . . Civilization hangs in the balance."

After half an hour of deliberation, the jury of small property owners saves civilization. I am found guilty and sentenced to the workhouse.

Workhouse

Arriving at the workhouse, I am questioned regarding my life history. My fingerprints are recorded. My clothing is taken and I am given a ragged shirt and overalls in exchange. A frayed blanket and pallet of straw complete my equipment. I am placed in the "idle room," a dormitory reserved for those with short sentences and for those who refuse to work. There are twenty-two men in the room. They are busy routing bedbugs. They are such a group as might be selected at random from any crowd of American workers. Some are in for petty larceny, for drunkenness and fighting. Most, however, are in for "non-support."

Time hangs heavy for most of us. Talk turns invariably to sex. No subject is too delicate for examination. We wallow in obscenity. It is the easiest way of sublimating pent-up sex emotions.

We are permitted to attend chapel and "school." In chapel (the only place in the workhouse where jim-crowism is practised) sanctimonious individuals exhort us to repent our sins and be saved. In school we are taught the wisdom of conforming to existing society. Days come and go, ever the same.

Bill Reich.

Elmer Holds an Inquest

IT WAS the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday and Elmer Durkin, the sage of Woppington and the dean of newsdealers, was holding an inquest over the remains of a once powerful pachyderm. These evening services, held in the genial periphery of the coal stove, were attended by Doctor Sawyer, veteran Democrat, and by Chester A. Donner, the druggist, who felt pretty good, too. The blue tinge to the air was caused by burning tobacco.

"Thirty, thirty-two, thirty-four," Elmer said. "That's three times in a row you've made election whoopee, Doc. It's getting to be a habit with you."

"Three strikes and they're out." The physician's voice was husky from last night's patriotic exercises.

"They're pretty down," the newsdealer admitted, "but I wouldn't be so sure about the out. I've bit on that one before."

"When they can't carry Pennsylvania," the druggist chimed in, "they might just as well shut up shop."

Elmer chuckled. He made it quite clear that the disaster that had befallen Dave Reed had brought the flush of innocent pleasure to his cheek. Nor had he lost sleep over the fall of Fess, the rout of Robinson or the walloping of Walcott.

"Only trouble with me is I've got too good a memory." He ran his hand up toward the retreating hair line. "I helped bury the elephant in 1912, and eight years later it was back on the boards for a long run."

"Ancient history," said the medicine man.

"Okay, Doc, I'll go modern on you. Six years ago tonight they had the D.P. laid out with a lily on its chest. The Solid South was smashed to Al Smithereens and the Electoral College team drew a record crop of goose eggs. The party was all washed up and finished. Now all it's got is the White House, a three-to-one edge in Congress and practically all the Governors in circulation. Come January, Republican lawmakers will be such a curiosity on Pennsylvania Avenue they'll snarl up traffic. You guys better not plant the G.O.P. yet. It might grow."

Here Doctor Sawyer announced a scientific discovery that was important if true. The senile old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party is not getting the young people the way it did. It is dying at the roots.

"Republicans," this medical authority held, "are not reproducing their kind any more."

"They have been practising birth control lately," Elmer admitted, "but now I hear they're going to have their face lifted and be the party of youth and hope and progress. Borah says they've got to do that or they're sunk. Vandenberg claims their outfit needs a fearless, new leader, preferably from Michigan. Of course they haven't sold this to Fletcher yet. Uncle Henry says let's just sit tight until the goofers are fed up with the New Deal. Then they'll come home and ask for a helping of calf."

"They sure put on a sad show this year," said the apothecary.

"You're telling me! It was the lousiest act since the Cherry Sisters. Like the Idahoper said, these birds offered us nothing but the Constitution, which makes bum breakfast food. The rest was squawks about Farley and goofy professors and Sinclair and Santa Claus. That last one had me in stitches. They tried to make F.D. unpopular with the customers by calling him Santa Claus!

"Come to think about it, the Republicans never have been so hot as alarm clocks. Pointing with pride is their racket. I still remember when Hughes was ladling out the dirt on Wilson's first term. The high spot was that Woodrow slipped a soft job to a horse doctor.

"I thought I'd heard 'em all, but this year they pulled one nifty that was new to me. We ought to vote G.O.P. as a break for Roosevelt because it is bad for a guy to have too many pushovers on the premises. The voters couldn't see where it would help father any with his tough job to have a swarm of Republicans in his hair.

"So our handsome hero wins the popularity contest and a license to go as high as Arcturus. He'll have nothing to cramp his style and no alibis if he flops. There will be fifty-seven varieties of Democrats on Capitol Hill, but they got there by hanging to his coattails. And do those babies know it!"

"What a man!" exclaimed Sawyer.

Elmer pointed a pipestem at his elderly guest and asked:

"Are you in favor of New Dealism?"

The Cleveland Democrat squirmed in his chair.

"Of course, now, in an emergency—"

"I get you, Doc. There's something wrong with this picture. Ever since I learned to read, the Republicans have been whooping it up for a strong national government, regulating our conduct and dishing out the gravy. If history means anything, the Jeffersonians should be out there in the cold biting their nails and crabbing about state's rights and individual liberty and subsisting on nuts, roots and herbs." Elmer emitted smoke and snickers. "How it looks to me, those felonious old parties have swiped each other's clothes."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Sops to the Right of Him, etc.—Senator La Follette Is Cheerful—Introducing Mr. Marriner S. Eccles

THOSE who observe the Washington scene from the sidelines have been greatly diverted since the election by the extraordinary way in which Mr. Roosevelt has gestured first to the right and then to the left, with a rapidity and skill baffling to both elements and, no doubt, to such part of the general public as is able to follow his course with reasonable thoroughness. As things are to date, the score seems on the surface to be about even, but the more discerning believe that the liberals have considerably the better of the division. On the conservative side, for example, is set down the President's decision, transmitted to the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, to stop lending money on mortgages after the balance of their original $3,000,000,000 is exhausted. It is further announced that no additional funds for mortgage-loan purposes will be asked of Congress. Private corporations, it is contended, can now take over the home-loan situation and the government will retire from this field. The other mark on the conservative side is the lifting by the Treasury of certain minor restrictions upon the movement of foreign exchange and exports of currency other than gold certificates.

The business and banking interests look upon these two steps—or at any rate, profess so to look upon them—as being in the direction of retrenchment and as indicating the President's desire to return, so far as he can, to a normal basis. They argue that these steps are in line with the conciliatory interpretations of his attitude made to the selected business leaders whose coöperation was so assiduously sought during September and October. These two administration moves were accepted by the less alert of these business leaders as demonstrating the President's sincere desire to end experimentation and take the conservative route from now on.

Of course, there are some who point out that, conservative as these items may look, in reality they are without significance. The lifting of the currency restrictions is not important because it will not affect general policy in any way. The H.O.L.C. has already made 650,000 loans, totaling nearly $2,000,000,000, and it has 400,000 approved applications, which will absorb the remaining billion. It would be absurd for it to receive any more applications. As for not asking for more funds, there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that Congress will provide funds without being asked. The H.O.L.C. is the most popular with Congressmen of all governmental relief agencies and it would be very easy to get more money for it. However, it does seem that lending $3,000,000,000 to approximately 1,000,000 homeowners pretty nearly covers the field. The fact remains that the business interests are cherishing both the H.O.L.C. announcement and the currency order, regarding them as very comforting indeed. It is true they have been somewhat jarred by the subsequent or, in one case, almost simultaneous, rush of the President in the other direction. In the main, however, they are still convinced that he has

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"gone conservative." It seems to show that, difficult as it may be to put an idea into the heads of these eminent men of finance and industry, it is even more difficult to remove it. Otherwise they would probably be more bitter about Mr. Roosevelt right now than they were before the spade work was done on them.

Certainly, in the past week the liberals have had two evidences of the soundness—from their point of view—of the President's heart, well calculated to restore their ebbing enthusiasm. For instance, it was not so much Mr. Roosevelt's luncheon invitation to Senator La Follette that impressed the liberals as the attitude and temper of Senator La Follette after the luncheon. He spent nearly two hours with the President and came out confident that they see eye to eye on the essentials of administration policy and that the progressives in the Senate will have slight difficulty in supporting the President's program at the coming session. The extreme cheerfulness of Mr. La Follette after his talk seemed to me excellent evidence that there is no White House intention of turning back or giving up. Of course Mr. Roosevelt has an extraordinary ability to convince the man with whom he talks of his entire sympathy, and it is easy to appreciate that Senator La Follette and, say, Mr. Myron Taylor may get the same impression of presidential accord—but of the two, I would put my money on Little Bob's not being the one to be mistaken.

The real encouragement to the liberals, however, came in the appointment by Mr. Roosevelt of Mr. Marriner S. Eccles as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. No man intending to turn conservative would ever have made that selection. Mr. Eccles is the most liberal-minded banker in America. It was Mr. Eccles who, in February, 1933, before the Senate Finance Committee, denounced as a failure the capitalistic system as it had existed, and declared that if it were to survive, it would have to be in a much modified form. While the other prominent men before the Committee were urging governmental economy and budget balancing, Mr. Eccles urged a great public-works and relief program, outlining the major features of the New Deal policies long before they had taken shape at the White House.

I do not know whether it is true or not, but I am told that his testimony before that Committee attracted the attention of Dr. Tugwell, and that it was largely through Dr. Tugwell that Secretary Morgenthau brought Mr. Eccles to Washington as a special Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. However, his selection as head of the Federal Reserve Board was Mr. Roosevelt's own, and it can be taken for certain that there is nothing about Mr. Eccles' exceedingly unorthodox financial views that clashes with Mr. Roosevelt's. Nor is there any doubt at all that Mr. Roosevelt is thoroughly acquainted with these views. He is the first man of his type not merely to head the Reserve Board but to be within speaking distance of it, and his appointment is a certain indication that there will be no reversion to the outworn methods of a former day in the financial policies of the administration. It is my belief that the conservative element recently in touch with the President has not yet properly grasped the full implications of his selection. If they did, they would feel less happy about the H.O.L.C. announcement and the general press dispatches that tell of the administration's disposition further to shift the recovery burden to the back of business.

By the time this is printed, the President will be on his way to Warm Springs, via the Tennessee Valley, where he will inspect for himself the work done by the T.V.A. There is much speculation about the significance of his trip. The general belief is that it is preliminary to the President's renewal of his fight for ratification of the St. Lawrence Waterway Treaty.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

An Open Letter to Big Business—Advice Is Free, Can You Take It?—Get Right with Roosevelt

GENTLEMEN: I am fully sensible of the fact that you will look with suspicion upon advice—or, for that matter, upon anything for which you do not pay good money. My friend Eddie Bernays might send you several pages of counsel no sounder than this and with it a bill for $25,000. You would, accordingly, take it at his own appraisal. I have no right to expect that you will even read free advice offered by me. Nevertheless the course recommended to you in this letter seems to me so eminently sound that I simply cannot refrain from passing it along.

We need not pause, I think, to agree that the recent election must leave you gentlemen with a pretty well settled conviction that opposition to the policies of Mr. Roosevelt has been badly handled. You now have two more years of this gentleman and his party stretching ahead of you. And unless some extraordinary and, indeed, almost miraculous reversal of opinion visits us before 1936, you are likely to have him and his party for six instead of two more years. In the meantime you have valuable properties in your hands. You have large salaries to be protected. You have immense investments of your own. You have that extraordinary arsenal for making money which you have perfected and mastered. Indeed, many of you have the very existence of your corporate jobs to consider. This being so, you cannot afford to be sentimentalists. You have to be practical men of affairs. Which is only another way of saying that you must be, above all, realists.

Now you have been played upon by a number of gentlemen of your own political and economic faiths—statesmen like Mr. Ogden Mills and Mr. David Reed—and by journalists overzealous in your service—like those two famous Chicago colonels, Knox and McCormick. These fellows are politicians and publicists. They are supposed to be on your side. They are supposed to labor in your behalf. They are, therefore, supposed to supply you with arguments against your supposed enemies, to invent philosophies for you, to fashion your points of view. That is the way they make their livings or satisfy their ambitions. In pursuance of this noble employment they have attempted to convince you that Franklin D. Roosevelt is a dangerous radical, that he believes in government ownership, reckless spending, monetary inflation and, ultimately, a socialist state for your bewildered country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you can believe this if you wish to. But would it not be the part of intelligence seriously to scrutinize this picture?

I am sure you have asked yourselves why the Republican Party made such a wretched resistance against the Roosevelt candidates in the late election. First let me ask you why, for so many years, you looked upon the Republican Party as your especial agent at Washington? Was it not because that party stood for a certain well understood set of policies that you supposed to be favorable to your interests? What were these policies? There were the tariff, sound money, the use of government instrumentalities to aid private business. There was the desire at least to mitigate the severity of the anti-trust laws. There was a friendliness to business —a policy to stimulate it. There was the disposition to seek government counsellors among business men. There was the general policy of appointing men favorable to business to the great commissions of the government. There was the general philosophy that the prosperity of the country depended on the prosperity of business: that business footed the bills of the worker and the government and was entitled to a large share in the counsels of the government.

Now I ask you to forget the nonsense about the brain trust and the left-wing experiments. They exist chiefly in the minds of headline writers and disturbed souls like Mark Sullivan. I ask you honestly to examine the course of Mr. Roosevelt. Do you know of any Republican President who has been more completely settled in his high-tariff policy than the President? Has the tariff wall been breached at any point? In the matter of money, has he not exhausted the resources of strategy to hold off currency inflation? He has, of course, taken the country off the gold standard. But when he did, was not Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan the first to approve his course? His gold-purchase plan was not a sound expedient, but you will have to concede that it was an attempt to produce higher commodity prices in the world markets without actually inflating the currency. As for the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Laws, which you have tried to have modified or suspended for years, did he not give you the complete suspension of them; and did he not give you, upon the easiest terms, the boon of self-government in industry, which means the control over industry—including production control and price fixing—through your own trade associations? Has he not persistently urged higher prices for your goods and offered to lend you money to that end?

You may quarrel with Section 7a, which accompanied these gifts, but you are compelled, in all fairness, to admit that the President has done everything possible to make this provision as little irritating to you as possible. His N.R.A. administrator, General Johnson, for all his truculence and bellowing, declared that under N.R.A. there could be no closed shop. And with Johnson gone, his successor, Donald Richberg, proclaims the same principle. Have you not, from end to end, in your several industries, gained your respective points in almost every quarrel with your employees? Could any Republican President have done more for you? What one has ever done as much?

Can you name a Republican administration where the representatives of big business have been more generously represented? Do you not see one of your own number, Mr. Jesse Jones, at the head of the R.F.C.? Is Mr. Eugene Black a stranger in your midst? And Mr. Harvey Couch, once of the Chase National Bank? And Mr. Moffett, at the head of the Housing Administration? Was Mr. Hoover in his palmiest days more intimately devoted to your interests than Mr. Dan Roper in the Commerce Department, or Mr. Swanson in the Navy, or Mr. Hull in the State Department, or Mr. Cummings in the Attorney General's office? I beg you to compare the number of prosecutions of big business under Mr. Donovan when Coolidge was President, or under Mr. Mitchell when Hoover succeeded him. Never in all those twelve long years of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, has there been such a procession of business leaders asked to Washington to state their views. Never was there a President who was more wholeheartedly given to the aim of making business profitable and doing everything to make it so, or one who has shielded you from heavy taxes more assiduously than he.

There have been tiffs between him and the bankers, but chiefly because the bankers themselves have been utterly tactless. He is your kind of man. He is the type that prefers the society of well-to-do and prosperous people. His friends are among your number. His tastes run to things you are able to buy. It is well enough for the unthinking mob to be fooled by the nonsense in the newspapers about a "brain trust." But you ought to have better sense. It is at least your duty to have discerned the bunk in this and to have observed that the counsels of business men like yourselves have been far more potent than the views of the few professors who hold subordinate posts in Washington. Will you not admit that you yourselves employ more professors in your enterprises than the President does, and that many of his came out of your shops? And can you not see that if your influence has not been so powerful as you could have wished, it has been because of your own ineptness in listening to the foolish chatter of the editorial writers of The Chicago Tribune and papers of its type?

The Republican Party, as an instrument for actually serving you, is dead. Its resurrection seems rather remote. If you need an agent in Washington your one hope is the Democratic Party. As a matter of fact, you will have a much better chance in an alliance with the South than with the West, which will soon be in open revolt.

If you are wise, therefore, you will move in on Mr. Roosevelt. You will adopt him. You will make the Democratic Party the party of big business. And you will not permit the power interests to hinder you because of T.V.A. It is the power interests and some big Wall Street promoters who have ridden the Republican Party to death. There is no reason, if you will examine the matter, why you should pull their chestnuts out of the fire.

I extend, therefore a cordial invitation to you to join the Democratic Party. You will have to have something better than my endorsement to get in. But you really have something better. You have money. Parties can always use that in elections.

You have a right to ask why I want to see you in the Democratic Party. Well, the reasons are numerous, but let this suffice: I want to see a reclassification of voters and leaders, and I think this would help.

There is no charge for this advice.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN T. FLYNN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Labor Front

The Fourth Estate and Resolution Forty-four—Sweet Freedom of the Press—The B. M. T. Turns on the Juice

SO FAR as the newspaper publishers of America are concerned, the National Labor Relations Board does not exist. Moreover, if the Board tries to assert its jurisdiction in any labor dispute in the newspaper industry, the publishers will be advised by Mr. Elisha Hanson, their general counsel, that this constitutes a violation of their code and that they should "liquidate the code immediately." This was the substance of Mr. Hanson's remarks before the Labor Board last week in Washington, when he appeared as counsel for The San Francisco Call-Bulletin in a dispute between the paper and one of its employees. Mr. Hanson declined to say whether the publishers would act on his suggestion, abandon their code and say to hell with the Recovery Act. Yet that is the obvious implication in this most arrogant challenge to the New Deal that any employer group has yet dared to make openly.

Now it happens that President Roosevelt established the Labor Board under the authority of an Act of Congress—Public Resolution 44—which was passed last June. This resolution has its weaknesses, but it specifically empowers the Labor Board to investigate "any controversies arising under Section 7a." To Mr. Hanson, however, this declaration of policy is apparently just so much eye wash. For in his opinion the Publisher's Code was so drafted that all labor disputes in the newspaper field come within the "exclusive and final" scope of the Newspaper Industrial Board (provided for in the code). The provisions of the code, says Mr. Hanson, cannot be changed without the consent of the publishers and exempt the newspapers from the provision of Resolution 44.

By this reasoning, it would appear, the newspaper industry thinks that by its code it has put itself beyond the reach of Congress and the President—as something temporarily on a par with the Constitution and the Supreme Court. All this, Mr. Hanson pointed out, simply "emphasized the desire of newspaper publishers to protect the constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and of the press." It might also be noted that the newspaper industry, like the Supreme Court, has thus far failed to abolish child labor—a distinction that it enjoys alone among the important codified industries.

Mr. Jonathan Eddy, executive secretary of the American Newspaper Guild, throws another light on why the publishers are so intent on having labor disputes handled by the Newspaper Industrial Board. Mr. Eddy is a labor representative on the Board and informs us that the Board (made up of four labor and four employer members) has been unable so far to agree on any procedure for the enforcement of collective bargaining between the publishers and the Guild. The publishers insist that the Guild must first agree to compulsory arbitration. And since the Guild will not consent to signing away its right to strike, the matter is stalemated.

Meanwhile, there are increasing reports from all sections of the country of intimidation and discrimination by publishers against newspaper workers who have been active in organizing chapters of the Guild. The most acute situation at the moment is at Newark, where the Guild is conducting a strike against The Ledger, a tabloid morning paper published by Lucius T. Russell, Sr. After weeks of refusal to negotiate with the Guild, Mr. Russell suddenly decided to economize by dismissing eight members of The Ledger's staff. Oddly, all eight were members of the Guild, which promptly retaliated by calling a strike. A large majority of the staff are supporting it.

In other parts of the country some twenty men have already been dismissed because of union activity. The chief rewrite man of The Oakland (California) Tribune, head of a newly organized chapter of the Guild, was recently discharged, though he had been on the paper ten years. This dismissal, interestingly enough, followed immediately upon a decision of the San Francisco Regional Labor Board in which the Board refused by a vote of 4 to 3 to order the reinstatement of R. Louis Burgess. Mr. Burgess is the editorial writer who was dropped from Mr. Hearst's San Francisco Examiner last April, shortly after he became chairman of the Examiner chapter of the Guild. The case that the National Labor Relations Board heard last week—that of Dean S. Jennings—also involved a Hearst paper, The San Francisco Call-Bulletin. The complaint of the Newspaper Guild is that Mr. Jennings was forced to resign last May because of his activities in the Guild. From these and similar instances it would seem that freedom of the press, as interpreted by Mr. Hearst and other publishers, means that they must have a free hand in labor matters. And no one has been able to challenge them successfully as yet.

Another employer who recognizes no obligation to obey Section 7a or the Labor Board is Mr. Gerard M. Dahl, chairman of the board of the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation. The company recently laid off sixteen employees, all members of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Motor Coach Employees. The discharged men included the union president and secretary, and virtually all the union charter members—all of them with service records of five to thirteen years. Both the New York Regional Labor Board and the National Labor Relations Board have found that in this action the B. M. T. interfered with and coerced its employees in violation of Section 7a. The company has refused, however, to reinstate the men as ordered by the Boards.

Mr. Dahl, the papers report, did not manifest alarm over the Labor Board's ruling. His counsel, he said, had advised him that the N.R.A. was without jurisdiction. The Journal of Political Economy recently carried some data, prepared by Mr. Emerson P. Schmitt, which perhaps help to explain why the B. M. T. discharged only union men. The story is told in the following table, which compares the wages received by street-railway employees in 75 union companies with those of 75 non-union companies:

	Average Beginning Wage (in cents)	Average Maximum Wage (in cents)	Time in Which Max. Was Reached (years)	Weekly Wage (in dollars)
Union	49.69	54.93	1.98	28.35
Non-Union ..	42.97	47.55	3.33	26.14

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These figures, moreover, do not fully reveal the superior position of the union employees. For the higher union wages are paid, for the most part, in the smaller cities, and not in the large cities, where one would normally expect to find them. In addition, it appears that union wages declined less between 1930 and 1933 than non-union pay. The one declined 7.63 percent, and the other 10.74. Mr. Dahl is doubtless familiar with these facts—sufficiently familiar, let us say, to know what might happen to B. M. T. wages if his employees were permitted to join the Amalgamated.

Various exponents of the New Deal have spoken kind words from time to time on the desirability of decentralizing industry. Well, the decentralization process seems to be in operation. Many manufacturers are moving their plants from the large cities to small towns and rural communities. It is doubtful, however, whether they are inspired solely by a recognition of the need for workers to live in more pleasant surroundings. Their chief concern, rather, is to move from union to non-union areas in order to lower wages and avoid collective bargaining.

This policy, indeed, has been carried to such extremes in the shoe industry that a special investigating committee of the N.R.A. has recommended a reopening of the shoe code. The committee found that if the present trend toward cheaper labor costs were to continue, the entire industry would soon be non-union, located in semi-rural areas, and paying minimum wages as maximums. In Massachusetts, wages in the shoe industry are reported to be from 15 to 20 percent below a year ago, chiefly as a result of this tendency to abandon unionized plants. In one of the decentralized plants in Haverhill, according to the United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union, employees are receiving between $1.30 and $6.90 a week for 63 hours of labor. The geographical differentials in pay, written into many codes, offer, of course, another incentive for manufacturers to run away.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Etcher and Revolutionist

SIR: On and after November 20, the Pierre Matisse Gallery on East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, will have an exposition of etchings by Luis Quintanilla. He is a great etcher and a man I like and admire. At present he is in jail as a member of the Madrid Revolutionary Committee. The *Fiscal* is trying to get a sentence of sixteen years. I am hoping that if he is hailed as Spain's best etcher, which he is—in the great line of Goya, etc.—it will be possible to circulate a petition of some kind that might induce the Spanish government to go a little easy on him.

Incidentally, The New Republic hasn't said enough about the way the Spanish revolution was crushed. It's not so very pretty to use Moorish troops, bombing planes and heavy artillery on your own people and towns and then, after it is all over, to blame the whole damage on the revolutionaries. Of course, I am not implying that the Asturian miners didn't raise a great deal of hell in Oviedo before the Communist committee got control of the situation, but nine-tenths of the damage was done by the government itself.

As for Quintanilla, his work is first-rate, and everybody ought to do what he can to get him out.

Key West, Fla. JOHN DOS PASSOS.

International Politics

SIR: Mr. Brailsford's able bit of apologetics regarding Russia's entry into the League [The New Republic, September 12], has raised a number of questions in my mind. He says that Moscow's approach to "a League whose membership is corroded by fascism and given up to the pursuit of national or imperial self-sufficiency" is *realistic*. Can this mean that Russian policies of "socialism in one country" and "defense of the fatherland" have finally qualified Russia for membership in such a League? Also, he informs us that the Russians "want the effects without the name of a Franco-Russian alliance against Germany. They are, however, still sufficiently aloof from the capitalist world and the pre-war type of alliance to dislike any frank adoption of the expedient." Are we to understand from this that aloofness from the capitalist world consists in an abandonment of frankness in international relations? If so, France is every bit as aloof in this respect as Russia, for we are told that the treaty of mutual insurance against aggression (really an alliance) "fitted the French conception of a modern technique to a nicety."

Still, I suppose, the glory of developing this modern technique of diplomacy, in which the key word is "aggression," must go to M. Litvinov. An aggressive nation is one that disturbs the status quo, a defensive nation one that protects it; thus, Italy protected the "independence" of Austria by the threat of invasion.

Of course, only those nations which are satisfied with the international status quo could subscribe to pacts of mutual insurance against aggression. But can this mean that the Russians, who are presumably committed to a policy of "proletarian internationalism" are satisfied with the present international set-up?

I have no desire to quibble. It may very well be that the apparent conflict between the national policy of the Soviet Union and the supposed international revolutionary policy of the Comintern is only apparent. But is it likely, for example, that the French Foreign Minister would agree to an exchange of military secrets with the Kremlin if these would *ipso facto* fall into the hands of the Communist Party of France? Is it not more likely that the present ruling faction in France has cause to feel strengthened by an alliance with such a powerful nation as Russia?

C. J. SULLIVAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

For Better Radio Programs

SIR: Problems of enormous economic magnitude give a feeling that we ought to permit the gentlemen who destroyed our economic structure to continue to destroy radio art, while the national government tries to reconstruct the economic structure. But with a sense of guilt I rejoice in The New Republic's drive on the radio problem.

During many years I refused to own a receiving set, but recently acquired one, hoping that some of the programs would be worth the listening. And there are some—the Canadian stations and the Wisconsin state-owned station. . . . The New Republic recently mentioned one activity of the Wisconsin state-owned station, but it seemingly does not know of the thoroughly excellent programs given by the station during the day. This station is required by the federal commission to cease at sundown! Why? Perhaps the advertisers could not face competition from such a station.

Gratified to read that the new Federal Communications Commission was about to investigate programs, I wrote to the Commission to express my pleasure. Under date of September 24, 1934, the secretary of the Commission writes:

> Your attention is invited to Section 326 of the Communications Act of 1934 which [illegible]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from exercising any power of censorship over the transmissions of any station.

It is to the station's best interests to broadcast the kind of programs the majority of its listeners desire, and it is believed comments to the station or chain company having jurisdiction are appreciated and receive careful consideration.

The secretary ought to read the other sections of the new statute. The statute is expressly directed to "all the people of the United States," not merely to the "listeners" mentioned by the secretary. The "majority of its listeners" probably like what they listen to, or they would not listen. A group of subnormals who buy worthless dentifrices that some blatant ignoramus tells them to buy constitute the "majority" mentioned by the secretary. The Commission cannot be of much service if it is interested in this group alone. The secretary would also do well to read Section 307(b) of the act, which authorizes the Commission to make allocations; also section 307(c), which directs the Commission to study the allocation of non-profit programs and activities. . . .

We need an organized movement against radio advertising. Possibly the thought is not new, but producers who do not pollute radio programs ought to emphasize this fact in their legitimate advertising. And we need more of The New Republic's drive to bring pressure to bear on the Federal Communications Commission.

Madison, Wis. EMERSON STRINGHAM.

The People's Lobby

SIR: The People's Lobby, of which Professor John Dewey is president, has adopted a slogan, "To balance consumption and production by eliminating profit." Its program includes: Increased taxation of the rich; socialization of ground rent and reduction of interest rates as steps toward the elimination of profits; public ownership of banking, natural resources, transportation, communication and all basic industries; government marketing and government housing corporations; international coöperation through increased freedom of exchange and allocation of natural resources and raw materials.

Bills will be introduced in the next Congress to carry out this program, and the Lobby is starting a nationwide campaign for members.

New York City. BENJAMIN C. MARSH.

A Conference on Civil Rights

SIR: Three hundred prominent liberals and representatives of labor, research and reform organizations will meet in Washington on Saturday and Sunday, December 8 and 9, for an analysis of the New Deal as the preliminary step in sponsoring legislation to protect the rights of labor and all minority groups and to assure freedom of expression in the press, on the radio and in the movies.

The two-day conference to be called "Civil Liberty under the New Deal" is sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union, of which Roger N. Baldwin is director. The meetings will be held in the Arlington Hotel, with John Clayton, Washington journalist, as organizing secretary. Full information concerning the conference can be obtained by individuals or organizations by writing the Civil Liberties Union, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or John Clayton, 532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

New York City. CLAYTON R. READ.

About "Babouk"

SIR: I believe I have the right to lodge a vehement protest in your columns against what I might mildly describe as the distinctly unfair review of my novel "Babouk" that appeared in your issue of October 17. Martha Gruening is willing to praise my intention (of writing what I believe to be the first realistic novel of Negro slavery), but she discounts the result.

> This is all the more disappointing [she concludes] because Mr. Endore's material would lend itself so easily to a magnificent novel of epic proportions—a novel particularly timely in view of the fashionable agrarian nostalgia for the peculiar [illegible] documented history of the Caribbean slave trade. Mr. Endore has written neither. He merely escorts us personally through a Chamber of Horrors, making sure we miss none of the nauseating or titillating exhibits, and bids us enjoy ourselves.

This paragraph reveals a surprising misunderstanding on your reviewer's part. Indeed, the words "titillating" and "bids us enjoy ourselves" are screamingly repudiated by every paragraph of the book. One would like to know what exhibit in my "Chamber of Horrors" Miss Gruening's easily written but magnificent novel of epic proportions would omit. One would like to know how any historian could write a "sober" description of a slave ship, or of a slave plantation, or of a slave rebellion. One may as well speak of leaving the kick out of 100-percent alcohol. Such a sober historian would not be writing history; he would be emasculating it.

My intention was to make the reader feel and smell and taste the crime of slavery, until he abominated it; and not only historical slavery, but all those too-numerous characteristics of it that have survived into our own day. If I had wished merely to titillate and nauseate my readers with a Chamber of Horrors, I think those who know my work will grant that I could have spared myself a year of laborious research.

Hollywood, Calif. GUY ENDORE.

SIR: I am sorry if Mr. Endore feels my review of "Babouk" to have been unfair. It simply registered my own profound disappointment in what seemed to me his failure to carry out—or at least to get across—a magnificent intention.

MARTHA GRUENING.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

WALTER A. DYER, editor of The Amherst Graduates' Quarterly, Amherst, Massachusetts, writes to disagree with Lewis Mumford's interpretation of the Orozco murals at Dartmouth College (October 10). Viewing the murals only once, Mr. Dyer writes, "I did not fully understand them, and I am indebted to Mr. Mumford for his interpretation. Nevertheless, I had an instinctive feeling, and still have it, that they do not quite belong. Mr. Mumford says, in conclusion, that there are two New Englands—one the dead and moth-eaten New England that lives on tradition and antiques, and the other the same vital regional culture that originally helped nurture Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne. May I respectfully suggest that so sharp a division is not wholly justified? Did not Hawthorne himself, in his day, go back a century or two into what was then a 'moth-eaten' past to find the material and the inspiration for his great, vital novels? The truest New England of today is that which is building its modern vitality on its past, nurturing whatever we possess in this young country of antiquity and tradition, and yet contributing something virile, progressive and forward-looking. The country still has confidence in the soundness of the ancient Yankee standards and turns to them when perplexed."

Dr. Amy M. Gilbert, chairman of the Elmira, New York, branch of the Foreign Policy Association, has sent us an interesting description of how the whole city of Elmira was brought to take an interest in foreign affairs. "The project," Dr. Gilbert writes, "was sponsored by the Elmira Branch of the Foreign Policy Association and sixty-one coöperating organizations, and was in the interest of no cause except general education and the impartial dissemination of facts. So great was the response of the community that on five successive evenings a large auditorium in the city was filled. What was unique about the Elmira experiment was the technique by which everyone in Elmira was made aware of what was going on. This was not a project for a few intellectuals but one which was to appeal to the general citizenry of Elmira. Through a scheme of promotion work which penetrated into the machinery of almost every organization of the city, and through a corps of voluntary workers, there was enlisted the active support of the Chamber of Commerce, fraternal organizations, churches and temples, Elmira College, the public schools and service and civic clubs."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EIGHT PROLETARIAN POETS

This third short anthology includes eight of the younger proletarian poets, and was edited by S. Funaroff. He says:

"With one or two exceptions, the poets represented here are under twenty-five years of age and are of working-class origin. They do not constitute a group in the sense of a formalized school with common traits and modes of expression. Contrary to some mistaken impressions, their poetry is not set in a rigorous and regimented mold, but differs according to the individual background and personality. They are held together by a Marxian point of view and feel that they continue and extend the essential American literary tradition."

A fourth group, of Southern Poets, will be edited by Robert Penn Warren.—THE EDITORS.

Escape

Acid for the whorls of the fingertips; for the face, a surgeon's knife; oblivion to the name;
eyes, hands, color of hair, condition of teeth, habits, haunts, the subject's health;
wanted or not, guilty or not guilty, dead or alive, did you see this man
Walk in a certain distinctive way through the public streets or the best hotels,
turn and go,
escape from marshals, sheriffs, collectors, thugs; from the landlord's voice or a shake of the head; leave an afternoon beer; go from an evening cigar in a well known scene,
walk, run, slip from the earth into less than air?
Gone from the teletype, five-feet ten; lost from the headlines, middle-aged, gray, posed as a gentleman;
a drawling voice in a blue serge suit, fled from the radio, forehead scarred,
Tear up the letters and bury the clothes, throw away the keys, file the number from the gun, burn the record of birth, smash the name from the tomb, bathe the fingers in acid, wrap the bones in lime,
forget the street, the house, the name, the day,
But something must be saved from the rise and fall of the copper's club; something must be kept from the auctioneer's hammer; something must be guarded from the rats and the fire on the city dump;
something, for warmth through the long night of death; something to be saved from the last parade through granite halls and go, go free, arise with the voice that pleads not guilty,
go with the verdict that ascends forever beyond steel-barred windows into blue, deep space:
Guilty of vagrancy, larceny, sedition, assault,
tried, convicted, sentenced, paroled, imprisoned, released, hunted, seized,
under what name, last seen where? And in what disguise did the soiled, fingerprinted, bruised, second-hand, worn-down, scarred, familiar disguise escape?
No name, any name, nowhere, nothing, no one, none.

KENNETH FEARING.

The Prairie

We wanted to feel at home somewhere;
desert, city, ocean, mountain, prairie.
In the dead of the night we arrived
and slept till the farm beasts woke us.
We sniffed curls of gray smoke
and washed in the cold depths of a river.
The prairie muttered thunder; the sky
vaulted blue lightnings and spattered
sheaves of yellow corn with drops and hail
till the frost came and tightened the lake.
We thought we found a place to rest;
to bring vibrant elements of our aliveness
into this brittle vastness of dust and wheat.
But the people were stupid though kindly
and in the distance bloomed
electric flowers of a city, throwing
holiday lights on a nightscreen.
We wrung our shirts and left at noon
while brown silences slanted
against our cheeks and breezes
mingled with our hair.

WILLIAM PILLIN.

Citation

For Horace Gregory

The brass voice speaks in the street
STRIKE STRIKE
the nervous fingers continue elaborately
drawing consciousness, examining, doing,
Rise to a billboard world of Chesterfields,
Mae West hip-wriggles, Tarzan prowess, the little
nibbling and despicable minds.
Here, gentlemen,
here is our gallery of poets:
Jeffers,
a long and tragic drum-roll beating anger,
sick of a catapulting nightmare world,
Eliot, who led us to the precipice
subtly and perfectly; there striking an attitude
rigid and aging on the penultimate step,
the thoughtful man MacLeish who bent his head
feeling the weight of the living; bent, and turned
the grave important face round to the dead.

And to the left:

Young poets and makers, solve your anguish, see
the brave unmedaled, who dares to shape his mind,
printed with dignity, to the machines of change.
A procession of poets adds one footbeat to the
implacable metric line: the great and unbetrayed
after the sunlight and the failing yellow,
after the lips bitten with passion and
gentle, after the deaths, below
dance-floors of celebration we turn we turn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these braveries are permanent. These gifts
flare on our lives, clarifying, revealed.

We are too young to see our funerals
in pantomime nightly before uneasy beds,
too near beginnings for this hesitation
obliterated in death or carnival.
Deep into time extend the impersonal stairs
established barricades will stand
before they die the brave have set their hand
on rich particular beauty for their heirs.

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

And So Night Passes

And here a woman blindly at the curb
Pauses and staring face up to the sky
Thinks heavily of snow and if snow falls
Perhaps a little work will fall with it.
She mutters to herself and hurries by.
The policeman in the doorway of the store
Puts up his collar higher to the wind;
It's a long beat. Cold jabs tonight deep at the bone.
The general is riding in the park alone.
Stone horse and tricorned hat of stone salute night air.
In subway entrances you'll find his minute men,
Asleep, while lice play Valley Forge within their hair.
And now the towerclock speaks out in bronze
Announcing in that universal tongue, the time
To East Side tenements and uptown cocktail bars
Where jazz bands jazz the rich and movie stars.
Clarinets wheedle the women; saxophones
Agitate the men; likewise, the long trombones
Grumble in the groin. Apoplectics roll their eyes,
Dyspeptics feel their livers turn, the bald grow hair,
To see the dimpled darlings with their powdered thighs
Shake shimmy shakes, boop buttocks bare.
Celebrities and celebrants, fine hands and noses;
Whooping the girls up, clinking tall glasses;
Tonight they'll all blow out their brains on beds of roses.
Cold blows the wind. And so night passes.

ALFRED HAYES.

Uprooted

The lamp-post pokes out of the dark street
A bare toe from a torn shoe.
He stands, at the age of twenty-two, in the shadows.
He thinks he is worthless.
What has he done that men will be glad to remember
him by?
His friend's humor hides a sneer:
"On the barricades, comrade, you will be good enough
to stop a bullet."
And his girl:
"You make me happy. I love you.
That's all I care about, dear."
But, unhappy between kiss and kiss,
What is there to do?

Eleanora Sack is a shock-brigadier.
She is twenty-two and constructs blast furnaces in the
Ukraine.
She is beautiful, too. She directs a crew of twenty men
And they melt iron and puddle steel for the people of
Ukraine.

Here in America,
He wants something to do, to work machines,
To be joyful among fellow workers,
To write beautiful songs and stories
They will understand and remember.
Tormented by the world and his desires
He dreams upon the lips he kisses
And the dreams are lies.

The shadows of silent machines spread on the walls of
the city.
Amid uptorn pavement of the broken street
A blanketed steamroller,
Stranded, waits.
Hands in pockets, he stands at the corner, waiting,
Or walks, a brooding figure, through the streets.

CHARLES HENRY NEWMAN.

Remembering Hart Crane

Great is your grave; the muting waters
piled on your eyes; the riveters of the real
bridges invisible to you forever.
Their cables are your first memorial, Hart Crane,
strong poet whom I hoped to walk with near your
deadly sea,
fearless at last; whom the first-class of U.S.A.,
whose coin, like gilt, is lethal on the skin, encouraged
into their smooth imperial Caribbean;
whom in pajamas last seen madly smiling,
the smiling shark drew under;

Dead poet: bitter in the nighttime with our cheap
fatigue,
we younger write, who have seen gloriously today
in the face of a workmate bleached in the stretch-out,
our approach blast open, live eyes elect
our hands, our swinging towers; our rivets shock
men into class among broad fierce machines.
True, to the world riveted, immutable
till billions pass, Hart Crane, new
bridge we project:
O Party of one weld, O living steel,
arc whose first pier destroys the tenements!

DAVID WOLFF.

Unit Assignment

Now the beginning: the block divided,
I choose my tenement,
press bells that do not ring, ascend
by feeling stairs where no lamps shed
light to guide a stranger and am led
by banisters towards a door.

Again a futile bell. I knock,
hear scuffling through the wood, a voice
gruff and questioning. I explain.
Enter. Am home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This is my block," I say. It is.
"Just four doors down." "And this," he says,
"is my wife, and this my son, my daughter.
Here is the living room."

He clears the best chair for me,
momentary host, curious, proletarian;
the family—my son, my daughter—gather
around me, listen to the familiar word
Communist falling from unfamiliar lips.
Strange, too, they must have mused,
its sound is good when he says it
and what he says it means is good.

The evening passes quickly: tea is drunk
from glasses, cups, an old cheese jar.
My host, John Winter, fifty-four,
asks questions, listens, deep in thought.
I tell him what I know, I cite
stories in The Daily, demonstrate
items killed, never to appear
elsewhere. "What is this?" he asks—
the word *unity* is in his brain.

My son, my daughter listen too.
They who were most suspicious now
join us, and all I say
enters them in images of food,
of jobs, the wanted weekly pay.
They too see what I mean is good.

The skyscraper bells ring out eleven.
I leave a copy of The Daily. Am asked
again to spend an evening with them. Rise.

John Winter walks me to the door, holds
my hand in his a moment, saying goodnight.
"These things you were saying—
They're good."
He fumbles for words.
"I shall return," I say.

EDWIN ROLFE.

Thalassa, Thalassa

"—twenty-five Greek freighters in the harbor of Buenos Aires . . . on strike . . . and in spite of the actions of the police and the reformist agencies, and with the assistance of revolutionary trade unions on shore . . . won all demands."
—*Runa press dispatch.*

Mariners, seabirds, sailing-ships of the lustrous early annals,
And the prow-scarred waves, and the seas, wine-dark to jewel-bright,
Known of all suns and moons and winds and weathers and waves.
Bravers of dragon'd watery abysses beyond the Pillars of Hercules,
Record-breakers in the Tyrrhenian, the Adriatic, the Dodecanese,
Cargoes of spices, gods, feathers and strange barbaric trophies:
They, these star-steerers and salt-bearded darlings of our scholars,
First sheeted home squaresails, in the shadows of templed headlands,
O mariners, seabirds, Greeks!

Perhaps and maybe: that was a long time ago. Ask the professors.
Here, in the anchorage at Buenos Aires, are twenty-five sooty
Greek freighters, riding high and black and empty, out on strike,
The crews of twenty-five argosies named for gods and owners' wives,
Out solid; no scabs and no rats but those below and the officers:
Against what, mariners of Greece?—fifteen dollars a month, bad meat,
Wormy bread, lice-stuffed mattresses, twelve-hour watches . . . Life?
—White rum, and naiads, at ten drachmas a throw, and doctor-bills,
O malcontents, roughnecks, reds!

And in the old days, yearned after by poets and schoolmasters
—Well, maybe it wasn't all amber and beryl, or "ivory and apes":
What were the Boeotian words for "crimp," "fink" and "doghouse"?
Sold over the counter, and shipped out to sea to fetch home gems,
Velvets, wines, whores for the temples and slaves for the vineyards:
Butchered by state enemies, on the decks of floating meat-markets,
At the command of state pederasts, the philosophers and priests
—Well, maybe it wasn't all milk and honey, all culture and art.
O drudges, blindmen, Greeks!

"Romance, travel, adventure." So what? saleswords for slavery.
In Buenos Aires, they went out on strike and they went out solid,
Two went down under a third mate's Colt. The sharks got another.
They went out solid, they didn't scab, they stayed out and they won;
For the first time since the first oaken keel slid down the ways,
In our treasured ancient Greece, Greek seamen lifted their arms
Together and for themselves, pitched overboard their lying history,
Struck once and won the first small part of what shall be theirs,
O mariners, Greeks, free seamen of the world!

JAMES NEUGASS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Roles

L'Aiglon, by Edmond Rostand. Adapted by Clemence Dane, with music by Richard Addinsell. Broadhurst Theatre, November 3, 1934.

Dark Victory, by George Brewer, Jr., and Bertram Bloch. Plymouth Theatre, November 9, 1934.

TAKING Miss Le Gallienne's "L'Aiglon" as a whole, you could not have a better example of one principle: a work of art is organic. This is to say that every part of it belongs to the whole and partakes of the same substance, or, if you like to put it so, the same style, the same nature, throughout. Any part of it that is altered in kind, that is generally tampered with, will become false in kind, inorganic, more or less dead to its essential nature. You may, for example, take Rostand's play about Napoleon's son and let Miss Clemence Dane tinker with it, cutting it here, or reducing it to prose instead of declamatory verse, or turning it into verse that is clipped and rather obvious, or leaving portions of it whooped-up, eloquent, dialectic or even bombastic while the surrounding portions remain more than half-realistic. If you do this you are sure to run into problems in stylization that are insoluble. You are sure to prevent the full current of emotion and intention. You are sure to appear artificial and false at a moment when there is no necessity to do so; and this will be merely because, by contrast, the style has changed. And, finally, you are almost sure to leave recitable plums for some of the main characters while diverse other characters must struggle with mere actuality. One part seems true in the high style and the other flat in no style at all; or one seems merely contrived, vapid and eloquent, while the other seems simple, convincing and human.

Rostand's "L'Aiglon," whatever its faults, has its Parisian, traditional and theatrical values. Retouched amended or revised, it dashes swiftly towards the brinks of innocence, the verges of the flatulent, the pits of wind, first here, then there, as the acts proceed. The problems begin with the very fact of making the hero a role for an actress. Granted this primal exigency, we must grant all the rest. I cannot believe that Madame Bernhardt, by strapping herself up in whalebone and tailoring, ever thought she was convincing anyone that she was a young man. Nor is it credible that Miss Le Gallienne, by standing with her feet a yard apart in the Peter Pan tradition—which no mere male in the company around her thinks of doing with his mere male feet—believes that we will think her the Schönbrunn princeling. For that matter we may, if you like, remember that l'Aiglon was a tall young man, very intelligent, remarkably conversant with his father's writings and ideas, even absorbed with his father's theories. If, for the purposes of art, the dramatist chooses to make him so much weaker than that, much more imprisoned intellectually than was the case, and if the actress makes him a young lady, smaller and essentially unmale, well, there is no objection to that esthetically, the principle being that art is art, not life. Whether, left free to choose, we would have l'Aiglon treated thus is fairly beside the point.

All of this means that Rostand was right in whooping up the play for his French purposes. As fact, historical and otherwise, "L'Aiglon" is even absurd. As nature it is bedecked, pointed up, and based on rodomontade. As art it is, in its way, principally itself, capable of its own defense and, though second-rate enough, effective and at times glamorous. Another way to take the case is to say that this Rostand play is based on declamation. Cut, toned down, naturalized so to speak, it is less natural than when it was artificial. Miss Le Gallienne in her longer speeches and in a number of her dramatic points that are based on French dialectic, struggles with the fact that she is required to spout or glitter in the midst of a surrounding prose or flatness. No artist can overcome such a handicap. If the other personages are flesh, she must be also, and the same of fish or fowl.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that Miss Le Gallienne's performance is one of the best in her career. It has great purity of intention, good diction and good taste. She has also considerably overcome one of her limitations as an actress, which is a tendency to mistake the neutral for the restrained. Sincerity, Mme. de Maintenon said, does not consist in saying a great deal but in saying all. It has been one of Miss Le Gallienne's defects—and a defect in some of her admiring critics—to confuse saying a very little with saying all. Her performance in "L'Aiglon" exhibits an advance in this respect. It exhibits also a greater physical flexibility than hitherto, an extension of the range in the voice and in variety of emotion. As an artist she has moved forward, and as a craftsman she has in "L'Aiglon" elected for herself a profitable exercise. This is all high praise in the face of a Broadway stage that grows daily less technical, capable and varied.

In "Dark Victory" Miss Tallulah Bankhead is another case of an actress profiting by an extension in histrionic adventure. The play tells the story of a young woman condemned by disease to certain death, and of her confronting this through love and the elevation of self. This tragic ending Miss Bankhead plays with delicacy and refinement of feeling. Some of the moments of the play she executes with notable skill. Her diction is admirable and her voice good. The limitations of her performance are definitely related to the limitations of the play; which, though it has a fine basis in our human beliefs (motives that are far above those usual to our theatre), fails, nevertheless, all too often in converting these highly desirable themes into ready and accessible theatrical terms.

This conversion of such substance into theatrical terms does not imply any cheapening, hokum or claptrap. It implies what might be described essentially as discovery of the image. That is to say, the dramatist finds for the stage moment, either in word or in action, something that will embody and express it, something that in itself speaks.

Our players' neglect of stage artifice and conscious technique leads them all too often to overestimate a scene because of its idea or intention without being able to judge of its direct and immediate acting possibilities. The player means well and the scene means well, but that is not all there is to the problem.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Man Who Chose the Golden Mean

MR. R. H. Bruce Lockhart's two books, taken together, make a remarkably interesting story, which acquires, as we finish the second volume,[1] more significance than we may have felt in it when we began it with "British Agent."

For we begin by finding Mr. Lockhart's memoirs, in spite of the literary skill with which he presents them, somehow unsatisfactory, and his personality somehow irritating. He is a Scotchman, with all the Scotch romanticism, sentimentality and vanity; and he strikes us at first as having exhibited, in his relation to some of the most stirring political events of his time, an inexhaustible capacity for getting excited by the wrong things at the wrong moment. Mr. Lockhart went to Russia as a young man in the British diplomatic service and lived for years in St. Petersburg and Moscow; when the Bolshevik Revolution occurred, he was made unofficial representative of the British government to deal with the government of Lenin. He saw the strength of the Bolsheviks, understood the inevitability of their regime; and he advised the British against Allied intervention; yet in his final course of action he felt compelled to lend himself to the policies of those who had sent him.

In this, he makes an interesting contrast to John Reed and William Bullitt. He fell between two stools. The Bolsheviks invited him to stay in Russia and work with them; but he refused, and was later suspected, in connection with the attempted assassination of Lenin, of being involved in an Allied conspiracy. He was put in jail and narrowly escaped execution, and was finally forced to leave Russia for good. But if one follows the letter of his record, it would seem that his experience in this crisis had aroused in him less emotion than his sentimental debauches with Russian liquor and the music of the Gypsy orchestras of which he had been, under the old regime, one of the most enthusiastic patrons. He is always getting into jams with women and always running into debt with his night-life; and these matters are always intruding themselves into the foreground of Bruce Lockhart's story when we want to hear about world events.

Yet in this second book, though the pattern repeats itself, we become aware of implications which seem to be conveyed by the writer half-consciously, half-unconsciously. Another and more serious story appears behind the one he seems to be telling; and we discover that Mr. Lockhart has really produced not merely a book of considerable political interest, but also, as Harold Nicolson says, a successful work of art.

The further we read, the more unmistakably are we made to feel that Lockhart's adventures in Russia (which included a serious love affair with a Russian woman) have been the central experience of his life and that his failure to handle the situation in a more courageous and clear-cut fashion has had the effect of demoralizing him deeply. Thereafter, though he has remained in the diplomatic service and does his best to believe in and to further the official policies of the Allies for what purports to be the reconstruction of Central Europe, he is never able to lay hold of anything which will supply him with a durable set of values or a serious purpose in life. He is too intelligent not to see the impossibility of the arrangements which the Allies, dominated by France, have tried to impose on the Central European countries and too decent not to resent their exploitation. He gives an extremely illuminating, disillusioned account—based on first-hand diplomatic and business experience and unusually thorough command of the languages—of Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Jugoslavia since the War. But beyond helping the new Czech Republic as he can in his role of Commercial Diplomatic Secretary to the British Legation in Prague, he finds little that seems worth doing which he is in a position to do. And he comes to toss about between periods of energetic but ultimately rather pointless application to history, ethnography and language, extravagant periods of dissipation and long fishing trips for purposes of recovery.

The dissipation gets him into debt; and he turns banker in the hope of making money out of British financial ventures in Central Europe. But he hates it, he feels out of place among the bankers; and he cannot help realizing that the new banking schemes are sure to fail because the countries themselves are being ruined by the same powers that are trying to make profit out of them. When his Russian girl of the revolutionary period turns up in Vienna, after a separation of six years, he is unable, for all his excitement at seeing her, to make anything of the old romance. She had been in jail in Russia, but had got free and gone abroad —though apparently an Esthonian landowner before the Revolution, she had adapted herself to the new situation, worked for Gorky as his secretary and made a living. Lockhart admires her but feels that he cannot imitate her. They sit up all night in a railway carriage traveling from Vienna to Prague and talking about the Revolution. Then they part.

Later, at Geneva, Lockhart is forced to admit that the Allies have "turned the League into an instrument for the perpetuation of their victory and a criminal dock for their enemies"; and he occupies his time in attempting to trace the movements of Lenin in exile. He tries to find the spot where Lenin, riding a bicycle to a Social-Democratic meeting, had been hit by a tram-car and nearly killed. If Lenin had been riding a motorcycle, would the course of world history have been different?

Yet, in spite of his admiration for Lenin and Trotsky at the time of the Revolution, he wasn't sure that he really agreed with them. He was a liberal, who "hoped vaguely for a new world which would be a selective compromise, combining the best features of capitalism and Bolshevism and avoiding the worst defects of both systems"; and his attitude toward Communism throughout is wavering and inconsistent: he demonstrates in the most positive fashion the viciousness of the Peace of Versailles, yet, lapsing readily into his official role as representative of the British Foreign Office, he remarks that the Jugoslavs owe a great debt to one of their statesmen who saved them from Bolshevism. "Lockhart," his jailer in Russia had told him, "will always choose the golden mean." But he is oppressed with nostalgia for Russia. In England, he does not feel at home; he is a Scotchman who has lived long among the Slavs, and the frivolity of the English shocks him.

[1] Retreat from Glory, by R. H. Bruce Lockhart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 348 pages. $3.

RELEASED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At last, he gives up business for journalism, disliking to subdue his hand to Fleet Street, but glad enough to find in the world at least a niche where he can make a living. We leave him drinking Russian tea with another Russian girl in a Berlin café while the Nazis are parading in the street below them. "One thing was certain," he says. "The new Europe which we had hoped to build, was crumbling rapidly."

No writer from the Marxist side has delineated more tellingly than Bruce Lockhart the death of the soul of the capitalist world in Europe since the War. In spite of his ambiguities and vagaries, of what he deplores in himself as a lack of courage in acting consistently with his intellectual convictions, his Scotch morality has forced him to write a moral tale. His books are something more than a valuable and highly entertaining record of the official strata of modern Europe; they are a genuine contribution to the history of the human spirit in the late phases of imperialist activity.

EDMUND WILSON.

Schlaraffenland

February Hill, by Victoria Lincoln. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

SCHLARAFFENLAND is a place where nobody works and nobody goes hungry. The houses are built of coffee cake, the gutters run with wine, and roast pigs wander through the streets of pastry crying for you to eat them. Buttered larks fly into your mouth. . . . This is a book about everyday domestic life in Schlaraffenland. But instead of giving the real location of this country, which lies somewhere in the fat meadows between the seacoast of Bohemia and the Big Rock Candy Mountains, the author situates it in a shanty outside of Fall River, Massachusetts, on the slopes of February Hill. That is both the strength and the weakness of an entertaining novel.

The Harrises, who lived in the shanty, were poor and undeserving and generally no-account. It was a wonder the police didn't carry them off and distribute them among the appropriate jails and reformatories. They didn't work (except for the obnoxious Dottie) and they didn't go hungry. Vergil Harris, the father (Harvard '09 and never sober since), drank his gin from a bottle that refilled itself magically; it was better than the famous pitcher that the gods gave to Philemon and Baucis. Grandma sat in a rocking chair with her auburn wig askew on her head and sang ribald songs while she ate candy from a box that was never empty. Jenny, the prettiest daughter, was a girl who "took things," who stole watches and bottles of perfume from department stores without ever being suspected by the floorwalkers. Dottie was ugly and worked in a cotton mill; she was sure of her job. As for Mrs. Minna Harris, the mother who supported all this family by casual prostitution, she never had any trouble finding rich sports to take her on week-end parties and slip $20 bills into her purse when she was looking the other way. Everybody was happy on February Hill. Everybody stayed happy, until Jenny fell in love with a respectable rum runner and the Harrises became infected with the poison of social-mindedness.

"February Hill" is a pleasant, warm, quickly moving novel that deserves the rather unexpected success it has been having. It isn't filled with any supernal wisdom, it isn't well constructed—there are too many short, choppy scenes, the best of which should have been lengthened at the expense of the others—but it has a nice air of amateur ease, candor and simplicity. Also, it has more solid virtues. The portrait of Grandma, for example, is grotesque, funny and convincing, all at the same time. The dialogue is natural and all of a piece. There is tenderness in the treatment of Jenny and Joel, the two adolescents, and sharp affection in the picture of New England landscapes. The background is well portrayed—a decaying factory town full of Portygees, Gypsies, Eyetalians and Canucks, where the descendants of the Puritans have either gone to seed like the Harrises, or else have been forced into rum running in order to preserve their Puritan self-respect.

But the accuracy of the descriptions and the truth that is in these reprehensible characters have a strange effect on the reader: they end by calling his attention to a sort of falseness at the very heart of the story. It simply couldn't have happened the way Miss Lincoln tells it. She is writing about Schlaraffenland, but she is also writing about Fall River at the beginning of the depression, when the cotton mills were closing and every trade and profession was overcrowded, including that which Minna had followed for twenty-five years. The big sports who used to make their money from the "mill business" were going back to their wives; there was no use hustling the hotel lobbies any more. Even a family like the Harrises was indissolubly tangled with the fortunes of the town in which it was professionally unemployed. Miss Lincoln might have taken account of these matters. I don't mean to suggest that she should have gone out of her way to introduce economics into her story. The trouble is that she had to strain too often and too evidently in order to keep economics out.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Ghetto Summer

Summer in Williamsburg, by Daniel Fuchs. New York: Vanguard Press. $2.50.

IN THIS first novel Daniel Fuchs has given us a realistic picture of Williamsburg life. It sinks back into the memory and stays there. Through a series of episodes more or less interwoven you get to know, with some degree of intimacy, more than a score of people living in this Jewish quarter of Brooklyn. The total impression is one of sordidness and stagnation. Not one character rises above his environment to look at life with any hope; and the only ones who escape it are those who commit suicide. There are a few thinking people present but they can't see farther than their noses: a couple of old men who have nothing left but their philosophy, a sniveling pimple-faced intellectual too much concerned with his soul, and Philip Hayman, a college student, who is Mr. Fuchs's most sympathetic character but who has nothing more to offer than a few sneers and a self-centered brand of sensitivity. Many of the characters—especially the truck driver, his prostitute mistress and his bickering wife—remind you of those people you meet in Zola's novels who live out of sheer habit from one moment to the next, never thinking of causes or results.

Mr. Fuchs is a young man with an innate capacity for quick-moving naturalistic writing. He handles his material easily; it is seldom that a first novelist faced with so many characters shows such an excellent sense of proportion. The only suggestion of immaturity we have is in his frequent show of cynicism—an attitude reflected particularly in Philip Hayman, his hero, and more generally in the static temperament of all his characters. Without it "Summer in Williamsburg" might have attained more of the drive that naturalism often carries with it when handled by a writer with a positive approach.

JERRE MANGIONE.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wages Under Capitalism

The Theory of Wages, by Paul H. Douglas. New York: The Macmillan Company. 659 pages. $5.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS is among those who have long believed that economics can become a truly fruitful and progressive science only when greater use is made of the inductive, statistical and quasi-mathematical method. Heroic attempts have been made in recent years, it is true, to vitalize the neo-classical value theory by inductive studies of the long-run demand and supply curves of particular commodities; but the theory of distribution has lacked similar clarification. The orthodox marginal-productivity explanation of wages—accepted by the author as describing "a portion of reality" in a system of competitive capitalism—furnishes a theoretical scaffolding that is perhaps inadequate from the point of view of those content (or determined) to remain within the ivory tower of "pure" theory. But it is not imposing enough to prevent more restive and graceless ones from wanting to determine the exact effect given additions of labor or of capital will have on product, and to investigate the effect changes in their respective rates of remuneration will have on the quantities of labor and capital forthcoming.

The significance of "The Theory of Wages" lies in the methods followed as much as in the conclusions reached. Professor Douglas believes that, given fairly accurate measures of changes in the quantities of labor and capital that have taken place over a long period, together with the physical production data, it is possible to determine with reasonable accuracy the relative influence upon product of changes in the quantity of labor, as compared with the quantity of capital, and hence to arrive at curves of imputed marginal productivity. It is an attempt to explain the general rate of wages and interest, not the myriad differentials from the general rate. The correspondence between labor's theoretical contribution and the wages it has received is found to be strikingly close and the study must be regarded as the most extensive statistical confirmation yet given the theory that labor and capital returns are determined by the amount of product added by the last unit of each factor. The estimate of "normal" elasticity of demand for labor is virtually the same as the one Professor Pigou has recently arrived at by purely deductive methods: that an increase of one percent in wages normally results in a decrease of three to four percent in the quantity of labor demanded. There is comfort for those still wedded to a bargain theory of wages in the negative inclination of the short-run labor-supply curve revealed by Professor Douglas' study of the relationship between hourly earnings, on the one hand, and the proportion of the population gainfully occupied and the number of hours worked, on the other. Higher wages appear to cause a contraction in the supply of labor, and hence a rise in marginal productivity, but the quantities of capital and land, relatively fixed at any given time, do not diminish immediately when their loss is labor's gain.

As prodigious a work as "The Theory of Wages" is bound to provoke a plethora of criticism, favorable and adverse. Inevitably forthcoming will be the observation that some of the assumptions underlying the attempt to deduce the relationship between capital, labor and product call for statistical courage of the highest order. But however much economists may manifest their proverbial tendency to dispute over this point or that, their profession is truly indebted to Professor Douglas for the light he has thrown upon the actual processes of distribution, for the mathematical order he has brought out of the relationships between the series for labor, capital and production, and for the example he has provided of the contribution the statistical and quasi-mathematical method can make. Possibly not least, he is to be thanked for his care in reminding us that this confirmation of orthodox distribution theory in no way justifies the social complacency of those productivity theorists who did their own doctrine a disservice when they erected it into a moral apology for the existing order.

ROYAL E. MONTGOMERY.

Which Strong Man?

Strong Man Rules: An Interpretation of Germany Today, by George M. Shuster. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 300 pages. $2.

TO READ this thoughtful and animated book with a profitable appreciation of its merits and shortcomings, the reader will do well to remember that its author is the editor of the Catholic Commonweal and has always belonged to the liberal group of Catholic writers in this country. As a non-radical and a Gentile, his point of view is likely to be free from many of the passionate resentments which the Hitler regime has engendered. But only a God can be truly impartial and, despite the apparent objectiveness and dispassionateness of his portrayal of the National Socialist world, Mr. Shuster is no exception to that rule. For the author's air of calm detachment when he discusses Hitler and the Third Reich is offset by a prejudice against the new Russia and Communism that colors his entire mental and spiritual outlook and accounts to no small degree for his tolerant attitude toward the German dictatorship. Against the background of this prejudice he finds it possible to condone the anti-Semitic outrages of the Nazi regime. "Does the Nazi hate the Jews," he asks, "because they had gained so many lucrative posts or because they really couldn't stand the sight of a certain kind of nose?" "Such matters," the author admits, "may have played a part. But the fundamental reasons why a persecution of Jews is in progress in Germany are these: first, many had been persuaded to think that Russian Bolshevism, looked upon with hatred and terror, was the result of a Hebrew plot to destroy Christian civilization; second, very many believed that the American capital adjudged to have been responsible for the outcome of the War and the industrial enslavement of Germany, was owned and operated by the Jews." But he ignores the fact that Germany has had anti-Semitic parties and movements since 1885 and that these parties were at all times represented in the Reichstag and the State Diets; that Hitler (in his autobiography "My Battle") and with him all other Nazi propagandists have always held "International Jewry" responsible for the outbreak of the World War, which forced peace-loving Germany against its will to take up arms against its neighbors.

The title "Strong Man Rules" is at first glance misleading. One looks for a book on Hitler and finds that the German dictator is dismissed with a wave of the hand as a "talkative and chaotic little person," "a greatly perplexed, honestly inquiring and quite unsteady young man," our "friend the old soldier . . . a cross between Hotspur and Uncle Toby." "The real hero of the National Revolution," says the author, "is the ex-soldier, are the Röhms and the Ernsts and the whole S.A. [Storm Troops], men who were cast into a democracy for which they had no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emotional preparation," who were "attracted to the game of getting control of the people's power because there were no other jobs," more nationalistic, more socialistic than anybody else.

Since Mr. Shuster wrote this book in the spring of 1934, much has changed. Indeed, it is impossible to write a book on any phase of the German question that will not be overtaken and left behind by rapidly moving events. Since the author for the most part avoids prediction for the future, however, and is at all times a close and keen observer, his book contains much that will be valuable and interesting long after Germany's ignoble experiment is a thing of the past.

I cannot share Mr. Shuster's opinion that "the immediate future of Europe is going to be relatively dull, quiet and devoid of sensation." I admit that this is a highly debatable question and one that each observer will answer on the basis of an individual evaluation of existing factors. The European situation is still full of inflammable possibilities, and accident will to a large extent determine the direction its immediate development will take.

LUDWIG LORE.

Processional

European Civilization and Politics Since 1815, by Erik Achorn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 900 pages. $5.

THIS BOOK offers an entertaining account of the principal political and cultural events of the most exciting period in history, that of capitalist expansion and decadence; but it fails in its main purpose, which was to "present a synthesis." Instead of attempting to discover the inner unity, the necessary connection of the apparently disjointed aspects of our civilization, Mr. Achorn simply juxtaposes politics, science, religion, etc., without trying to show how and why certain political phases correspond to certain ideological attitudes. The method he has chosen seems to ensure impartiality; actually it results in an uncritical acceptance of facts and ideas at their face value. For instance, in speaking about religion, it is not impartial at all merely to conclude that mankind comes more and more to be divided into religious and irreligious people (not a very enlightening statement anyway), instead of attempting some explanation of the persistence of religious beliefs in a period of scientific progress. Likewise, Mr. Achorn almost completely eliminates the economic factor from his tale and, with it, the real flesh and substance of history. What remains is more appearance than reality. Thus, to take one example among a thousand, the chapter dealing with America's entry into the War mentions as causes public feeling, propaganda, the "Lusitania," the activity of German spies, etc., but the interesting little story of the Morgan loans is conspicuously absent. After Hitler, even non-Marxists begin to understand that politics is too often a show behind which move the real forces of history.

Mr. Achorn has made a genuine effort to transcend the usual limitations of orthodox historians; he devotes much space to culture and science but, the prisoner of their method, he remains on the level of intelligent journalism. After having read his book, one has to regret that history still deals so much more with kings, diplomats, generals and the picturesque side of events than with the real everyday life and sufferings of the past generations.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

The Gilded Treasury

The Pleasures of Poetry, by Edith Sitwell. First Series: Milton and the Augustan Age; 236 pages. Second Series: The Romantic Revival; 266 pages. Third Series: The Victorian Age; 204 pages. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2 each.

CONTENTS of this three-volume anthology of English poems: *First Series,* Pope and Dryden win the odds over Milton, Herrick and Marvell. An afterthought wind-up with Christopher Smart's "Songs to David." *Second Series,* Shelley's "Adonais" rejected in favor of "The Witch of Atlas." Keats represented by the usual anthology pieces, and also by such an inferior sonnet as "After Dark Vapors." Messrs. Blake, Wordsworth and Tom Moore overrated and overrepresented. *Third Series,* mostly the great god Swinburne. Far too much Tennyson, including a banal song from "The Princess." Possibly because she doesn't care much for Browning, Miss Sitwell represents him by one of his worst efforts, "In a Year." And she prints nothing by Christina Rossetti except that poet's lushly dated "Goblin Market."

As justification for the above selections, Miss Sitwell prefaces each volume with some typically idiosyncratic remarks. She emphasizes the uses of alliteration, assonance, dissonance; and particularly the part played by the caesura to gain "texture." She points out how Pope, Milton, Blake, *et al.,* deliberately used such-and-such a word to get texture; then, when her formula won't fit, she falls back on this oracular bromide: all great poetry is the result, after all, "of magic, not logic." (Great Caesura's ghost, materialized by Sitwell, peers over your shoulders, O Shelley and Blake, to tell you only what every true poet knows: that instinct, not the rules of prosody, makes a poem.)

Bedewed by rhetoric, Miss Sitwell throughout her dissertation confuses the actual *sound* of a word with its image-association: *i.e.,* "the word 'apricots' is a very full, ripe sound; 'strawberries' is a darker, more secretive sound, as though, like the fruit itself, it were hidden under leaves." First prize, however, goes to this one. Of Keats's "Hymn to Pan" she writes: "The goat-footed bucolic rustic sound *—goat-footed because of its occasional female endings—*has the peculiar honeyed sweetness of all Keats's poems." (Italics mine.)

RUTH LECHLITNER.

Novels in Brief

Vampire, by Hanns Heinz Ewers. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

EWERS finished this novel several years before anyone took the Nazis seriously—before he even guessed that one day he would be among the few German writers of any consequence who could be nice to Hitler. Yet if "Vampire" had been written under the Führer's leadership it could hardly have been more in tune with the theme songs of the Nazis; its pages fairly drip with the mysticism, nationalism and symbolism dear to their hearts. Ewers did have the poor taste to make his heroine half-Jewish, but partly redeemed himself: such of her as wasn't Jewish was very pure, and Aryan. At any rate, his novel, "Vampire," will be found much to the taste of those who thrill to such writers as Poe and Huysmans (I am thinking particularly of "Là-Bas"). Ewers has the same macabre passion for the sinister, the same neurotic obsession for details

ARCHIVED TO UNZ.COM
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

designed to hit the senses or turn the stomach. In between horrors, he likes to turn philosopher and mystic. He solemnly lets you know, with flourishes savoring of "East Lynn," that German patriotism is a first cousin of Divinity or, better still, that the World War came about because "humanity had become stricken with a wild fever and had to drink blood to make themselves well and young again." In the face of such sweeping explanations, his plot seems rather anemic. Frank Braun, under the influence of his half-Jewish mistress Lotte, becomes an important German agent in this country during the War. He is instrumental in persuading Pancho Villa to attack the American border, but his greatest handicap in life is a feeling of emptiness. This comes over him at regular intervals. Only Lotte understands that it is nothing more than a craving for human blood. And only she, of all the women he knows, is willing to feed him the necessary "red milk." Braun, poor innocent, does not realize he is a vampire until the end of the story. J. M.

What Mad Pursuit, by Martha Gellhorn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

The title of this cocky little novel is taken from a quotation of Thomas Wolfe's, concerning the haunting hunger that pursues Americans whether at home or abroad. But the other inscription on the fly leaf is from Ernest Hemingway and shows more clearly the model and pattern of the story. "Nothing ever happens to the brave" is ironically set forth in the one year's adventures of three young women driven by their ideals and indiscretions from a fashionable Eastern college. Sue succumbs early to matrimony and murder—to leave her husband temporarily tied to Judith; while Charis, after a disillusioning fling at reporting, debutante parties and labor problems, flees restlessly to Europe only to catch up with sex and be overtaken by disaster. G. A.

The Golden Spike, by Floyd Dell. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Considering its ingredients, this novel is disappointing. For the hero, Harvey Claymore, is a young historian who studies the *economic* causes of the Civil War; and the central conflict throughout the book—which ends in the wreck of his marriage—is between his own brave integrity and his young wife's money and wealthy relatives. This material is important, and should have been more clearly focused (by means, perhaps, of compression, and a sharper selection of important incident). "The Golden Spike" might have been a sharply etched picture of the mind-set of the American middle classes. Instead it is another long, long story of young love come to grief. R. P.

Lustrous Heroine, by Elizabeth Leavelle. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

Don't let the title and jacket design of this book confuse its issue; the progress of Ming Yiung from the mud hut of her father to the Viceroy's yamen as first wife is no ordinary rags-to-riches success story. Born Kyuh Yiung (Chrysanthemum Heroine), she was destined by her parents to be a source of comfortable income as soon as they realized here was a swan in their nest; and her name was changed to Ming Yiung (Lustrous Heroine). But when the floods washed over the small farm, the Chinese farmer reproached her with the uselessness of her tiny feet, and the education of Ming Yiung began. The portrayal of her course is

BARGAINS in BOOKS

UP TO 75% OFF FORMER PRICES

OFFERED BY AMERICA'S OLDEST MAIL ORDER BOOK HOUSE

To clear out the small quantities which remain on hand, the following titles have been marked-down as much as 75% off original prices. Each is brand-new, perfect in every way, a permanent addition to your library. Orders accepted subject to prior sale.

LIMITED QUANTITIES OF EACH TITLE

1. DON QUIXOTE, by Cervantes. Profusely illustrated with *400 drawings by the famous Gustave Doré.* Boxed. ($12.50) **1.98**

2. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S WORKS. (Centenary Edition) in 7 handsome maroon linen vols., stamped in gold. ($21.00) **5.95**

3. *The Most Amazing Price Reduction in the History of Publishing*

Memoirs of Jacques Casanova

The brilliant autobiography of "history's most thrilling character,"—the world's greatest lover, one of the keenest intellects of the Eighteenth Century. Translated by Arthur Machen. Introduction by Arthur Symons.

2300 pages—Formerly in 12 vols., at $125.00
Now . . . Complete in 2 vols., at only..... **3.98**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROCKWELL KENT

4. THE GREATEST ARCHITECT OF THE RENAISSANCE—Peruzzi of Siena. By W. W. Kent, Member of American Institute of Architects. Illustrated with *89 full-page plates.* ($7.50) 1.49

5. KIPLING'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS (1885-1926). 862 pages. Boxed ($7.50). 2.98

6. THE HISTORY OF MUSIC (University Course of Music Study). *Profusely illustrated.* In 2 volumes ($11.00) The set. 2.98

7. GERMAN DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS (1871-1914) 4 vols. ($30). The set.... 4.95

8. ORPHEUS: MYTHS OF THE WORLD. Edition limited to 350 numbered *autographed* copies ($12.50) 4.95

9. A HISTORY OF CHINESE ART. From Ancient Times to the Present Day. *153 illus.*, including 80 in full color. ($10.00) 2.98

10. THE WORK, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS OF MANKIND, by H. G. Wells. *First edition.* 2 vols., illus. ($7.50 The set,..... $1.98

11. AMERICA AT WAR. By Newton D. Baker. First edition; limited, numbered, *autographed* by Newton D. Baker. Complete in 2 illus. vols. ($25.00) The set.. 6.95

12. ARCHITECTURE TODAY. By Hitchcock and Johnson. *133 pages of illustrations*, 80 being of contemporary buildings throughout the world. ($5.00). 1.98

UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION NR
Established 1884
367-373 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose $..... for which please send me the books I have circled below:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
(*Mark circles around books desired*)

☐ Please send me FREE Catalogue No. 256-NR

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Up-to-the-Minute Facts About the Astonishing Munitions Racket!

One HELL of a Business!

By **H. C. ENGELBRECHT,** co-author, "Merchants of Death."

A stirring, sensational book, uncovering sinister facts about the Munitions Traffic never before revealed, which have come to light through the Senate Investigation.

"We certainly are in one hell of a business."—F. S. Jonas, agent for Remington Arms, before the Senate Committee.

$1.00

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & CO., 4 W. 16th St., N. Y.

THEATRES

LIFE BEGINS at 8:40

THE MUSICAL SUCCESS with

BERT LAHR RAY BOLGER LUELLA GEAR FRANCES WILLIAMS

"The season's incontestable hit."—Richard Lockridge, Sun.

A JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON PRODUCTION

WINTER GARDEN B'way-50th St. Bale. (Eves.) $1.10, $1.65, Eve. 8:40 $2.20, $2.75, $3.00

Matinees Thursday and Saturday. Seats Selling for the Next 8 Weeks.

3 Matinees Thanksgiving Week: Thurs., Nov. 29; Fri., Nov. 30; Sat., Dec. 1.

MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

GOOD SEATS $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 & $2.50

ON SALE AT BOX-OFFICE

"The Hit of the Year"

—Gilbert Gabriel, American

"MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG"

A New Play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart

with KENNETH MacKENNA, MARY PHILIPS, WALTER ABEL, CECILIA LOFTUS, JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS

MUSIC BOX THEA. 45th St. W. of B'way

Choice Balcony Seats Always on Sale at Box Office

GROUP THEATRE BENEFIT PRESENTATION of MELVIN LEVY'S

GOLD EAGLE GUY

Saturday, December 1 Morosco Theatre

Tickets at 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 534

National Committee for Defense of Political Prisoners

LECTURE

LABOR TEMPLE SCHOOL, Corner of Second Ave. and 14th St.

Every Sunday Afternoon at 5 P. M

GUSTAV F. BECK

Subject of Course: "TALKS ON CURRENT BOOKS"

Sunday, November 25th

"And Quiet Flows the Don"

Single admission, 25 cents

AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS

WESTERN VIEW FARM

From all over the world comes this Farm's clientele

Open All Year *Lower Fall Rates*

Rates: $8.00 a day by the day; $6.00 a day by the week; $5.50 a day for 2 weeks or more

Including all the unusual extras. Wine cookery if you prefer it.

Address: EDWARD G. OHMER, New Milford, Conn.

Telephone, New Milford 440.

On a mountain top only 2½ hours from New York

Order your books—all books—mailed anywhere in the U. S. A. **Postage Free** from

THE NEW REPUBLIC BOOKSTORE

419 West 21st Street New York City

vivid; one smells the fertilized fields, the odors of food on the streets, the breath of the toothless old wretch into whose service she is tricked. Probably no one but a sing-song girl could confirm or deny the authenticity of the life and training in the sing-song house, but the description sounds like real stuff and carries conviction. Emotion is held in leash by fear and the need for security; the beautiful clothes are put on for business like a waiter's coat, and with no more sense of luxury. They are a possible path, if one is careful, to such security as can be hoped for. Without availing herself of the rather Biblical cadences used by Miss Buck in some of her Chinese work, and with a nice avoidance of pity-provoking touches, Miss Leavelle has told the story of a daughter of the poor in a country that has little use for daughters of the poor. B. E. B.

Contributors

I. M. RUBINOW, author, statistician and social worker, did the actuarial work on which the Ohio plan of unemployment insurance is based.

BILL REICH's description of his experience in Columbus, Ohio, was written while he was in the Columbus workhouse. He is the educational director of the Ohio Unemployed League and was formerly on the teaching staff of Commonwealth College.

JERRE MANGIONE contributes reviews to The London Spectator, The Literary Digest and The New Masses.

ROYAL E. MONTGOMERY, assistant professor Economics in Cornell University, is the author of "Industrial Relations in the Chicago Building Trades."

LUDWIG LORE is a German-American journalist who was editor of The New Yorker Volkszeitung for fifteen years. He now writes a daily column for The New York Post.

NORBERT GUTERMAN is the French translator of Dos Passos' "The Forty-Second Parallel" and an editor of the French critical review, Avant-Poste.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Jerre Mangione, Grace Adams, Rebecca Pitts and Beatrice E. Bettinger.

EIGHT PROLETARIAN POETS

KENNETH FEARING is the author of "Angel Arms," a volume of verse. He is preparing another book of poems for publication.

WILLIAM PILLIN writes from Chicago. His work has appeared in various left-wing magazines. The selection printed here is from an unpublished book-poem entitled "North America."

MURIEL RUKEYSER'S verse has been published in Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, The New Masses, Dynamo, The Magazine. A volume of her poems is being considered for publication.

ALFRED HAYES is one of the editors of The Partisan Review and has been published in left-wing magazines and in The Daily Worker.

EDWIN ROLFE is one of the authors of "We Gather Strength," an anthology of revolutionary poetry. He is a frequent contributor to left-wing journals and is collecting a book of his poems.

DAVID WOLFF is the pen-name of a young poet whose work has appeared in the radical press.

CHARLES HENRY NEWMAN has been published in Dynamo and elsewhere.

JAMES NEUGASS, born in 1905 in New Orleans, has published poems in The Dial, The Saturday Review of Literature, The Herald Tribune Books and elsewhere.

S. FUNAROFF, editor of Dynamo, and one of the authors of "We Gather Strength," edited and selected the poems. Incidentally, he writes us that "No anthology of proletarian poetry would be complete without the work of Herman Spector, Joseph Kalar, Hector Rella and others." In some cases for space reasons and in others because the poet had no unpublished work available, they could not be represented in the present collection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED